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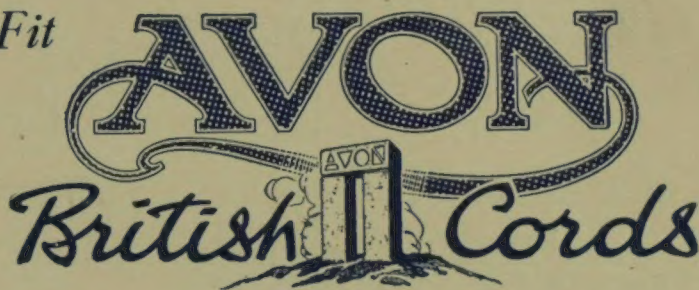
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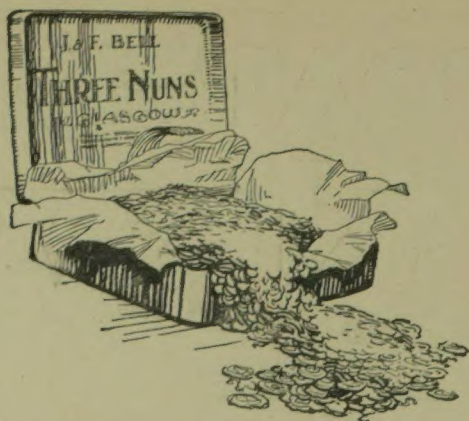
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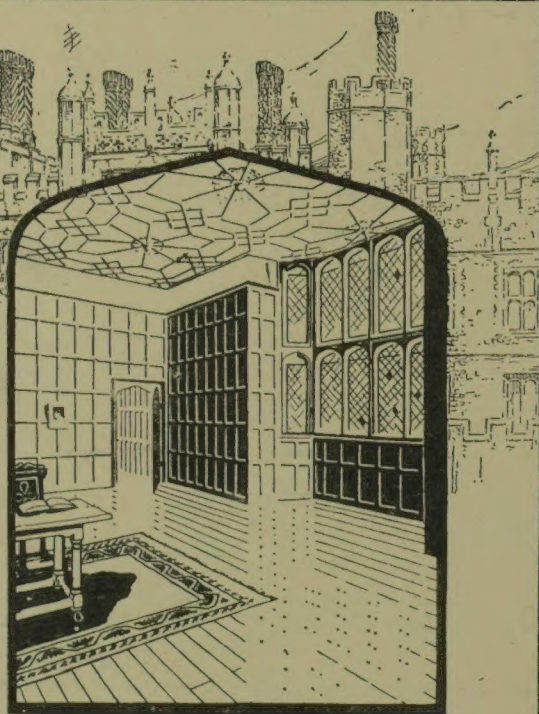
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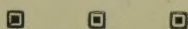
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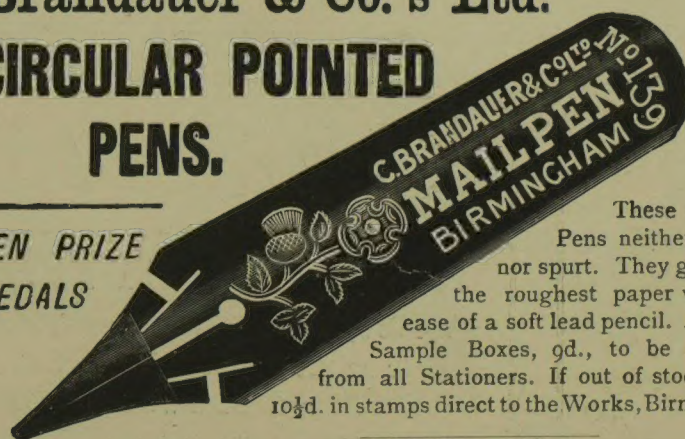
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1924.

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WHERE SPANISH AEROPLANES DROP BLOCKS OF ICE FOR BESIEGED GARRISONS: AN AIR-VIEW OF A BELEAGUERED SPANISH POST IN MOROCCO—SHOWING WIRE-PROTECTED BLOCKHOUSES ON A HILL AND MOORISH DUG-OUTS BELOW.

Aircraft have been employed recently by the Spaniards during their campaign against the Moorish tribes, not only to drop bombs on the enemy's forces, but also supplies (including blocks of ice) into beleaguered Spanish posts. The intense heat has caused the Spanish troops much suffering, especially in such a rough and mountainous country, whose desolate character is well seen in the above photograph. It was taken from an aeroplane during a recent recon-

naissance, and shows a Spanish post near Ras Afrau, in the eastern zone of operations. On top of the hills are seen the Spanish blockhouses, protected by barbed wire, and below, in the foreground, are trenches and shelters in which the Moors dig themselves in, and lie in wait for a relieving column or for the garrison, when lack of water compels them to make a sally. It was stated on September 2 that Spain was sending 6000 more men to Morocco.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT might well be maintained that we have no politics in England; and that is why we were obliged for such a long time to borrow our politics from Ireland. The name of one of the two parties in England, and that almost certainly the larger party in England, actually bore a title that, only referred to the discussion of Home Rule for Ireland. It was called the Unionist party; and it is still called the Unionist party. It is still called by the old name, because English people cannot even invent a new name until some new Irish controversialists invent one for them: England, left to itself, returns naturally to sport and laughter, and a genial individualism known as minding one's own business. It knows and cares very little about politics; that is why it puts up with politicians. That is why the politicians have it all their own way with us; even if the financiers have it all their own way with them. But the politicians do not have it all their own way in Irish politics; because the people are political. Indeed, the history of an Irish politician is generally so pathetic as to become heroic. And nobody could mistake our successful political leaders for heroes, least of all the heroes of a tragedy. An Irish Free State politician said to me, in talking of Parnell and Redmond and Collins, and many more: "Nobody ever got any reward or thanks or happiness out of trying to serve Ireland. It is best not to expect it." But I, knowing that the Irish have too much bitterness, but the English too little, tried to strike the balance by answering "Yes; but you must remember that in your country it is the party leader who gets left. In our country it is the party."

I am inclined to think there is something in the idea, at least as a symbol. The Irish have politics because they have religion; and we at least have no religion of the sort that produces politics. The Frenchman who said we had a hundred religions and only one sauce was mistaken—at least, partially mistaken, as most foreigners are; as mistaken as the Englishman in Ireland. The English have by this time only one religion, in the sense of one religious atmosphere. It is a sort of post-Puritan version of what Catholics call natural religion. Somebody aptly defined it by calling himself "a blue-dome." He meant one who, when asked where he goes to church, says he can worship God under the blue dome of heaven. A vast mass of modern Englishmen are blue-domers; and they might do worse. They have at least some vague Christian sentiment of thanks and cheerfulness and charity, even if they do call it by the disgusting name of Optimism. I prefer the blue-dome to the blue-devil, the mere pessimist and enemy of earth and sky. But you cannot get up a Crusade of Natural Religion. You cannot get men to fight and be martyred for the blue dome, as Crusaders fought for the dome of the Holy Sepulchre or the Moslems fought for the great Dome of the Rock. The latter, by the way, which is commonly called the Mosque of Omar, and stands on the site of the Temple of Solomon, happens to be itself a blue dome. It is a very beautiful dome of lustrous peacock-blue tiles, and I do not wonder that the Moslems of Jerusalem are proud of it; apart from the trifling detail that the Prophet was standing on this very rock when he was caught up into the clouds of heaven.

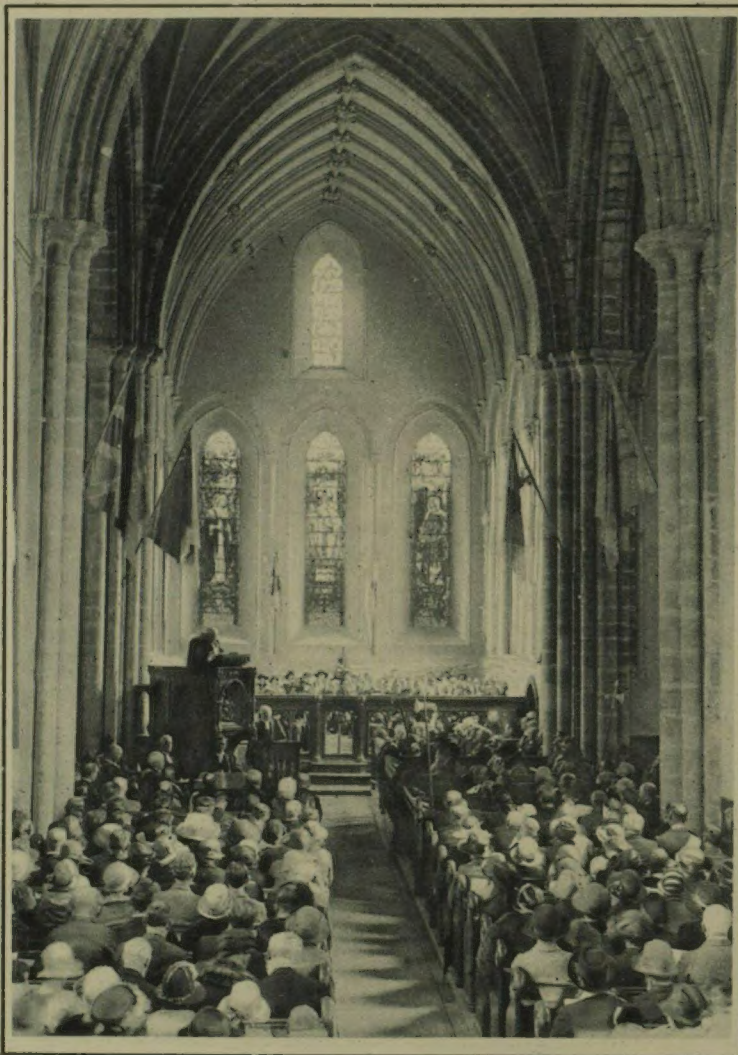
But people cannot feel about heavens, whether clear or cloudy, exactly as they feel about domes, whether blue or grey. A man must be outside a thing in order to love it; that is why pantheism will never be a popular religion. Jonah, when in the whale's inside, is reported to have sung the praises of the Lord; but there is no record that he sang the praises of the whale. And had the whale not

suffered from sea-sickness, had it succeeded in digesting the prophet, and really assimilating him into its substance, it seems probable that his praises would have grown fainter and fainter, and at last sunk into a sort of resignation and repose. It was only before (and possibly after) the prophet was swallowed that he could be expected to do justice to the curves of that living dome, or heartily to admire the whale as a work of God, or a rather large pet, or merely a common object of the sea-shore. Only thus could Leviathan be expected to impress Jonah as it impressed Job. Therefore, I am not a blue-dome in religion, and do not believe that blue-doming will ever produce the great religious revolutions. Men have never really worshipped the heavens; they have always worshipped something

religions and one sauce; the sauce being presumably Scotch whisky. But the English religion has become very like the ubiquitous and, to some, monotonous sauce; as fluid, as harmless, and, to some, as insipid. And even in the Scottish case nearly all the variations were variations of one Puritan tradition. It was Calvinism that covered all the churches with one blue dome, or rather, black dome. But in Ireland an outpost of that common Calvinism is at issue with the common Catholicism. They are two separate spiritual fountains, or rather, perhaps, spiritual volcanoes. But it is that Irish religion that has fired Irish politics; and it is such Irish politics that have fired English politics. It was, in a sense, the absolute of which ours was the relative; it was the unmixed material of mystical passion of which we make the mixtures, or the more merciful dilutions. If there are really a hundred religions in England, they make much less noise than the two religions of Ireland. Our religious differences have never been intense enough to infect our neighbours; and we have never seen European nations taking up the quarrels of English sects. You do not find French general elections turning on the wrongs of Plymouth Brethren, as you find English elections turning on the complaints of Belfast Presbyterians. You do not hear of Italian mobs shouting for liberty for the Primitive Methodists of Wimbledon, or Spanish mutinies revolving round the deliberations of the Clapham Sect. But the religious problem in Ireland did involve Great Britain, as a whole, in any number of elections, in not a few riots, and at least in one threatened mutiny.

I am not discussing this question with reference to my own sympathies in it, which are naturally definite enough. I am considering it as a curious event in human history, and a curious situation in human politics; the overflowing of the enthusiasms and hatreds of one poor and relatively subject people into the politics of a more powerful and generally a more prosperous people. It was customary to complain of the Irish holding the balance of power or dictating to British politicians in their disputes. As a matter of fact, they actually dictated what it was that we should dispute about. The Irish problem became the only English problem about which Englishmen could be seriously excited. It is notable that, since the Irish have passed out of our Parliament, there has been a dissolution of our Party System. English politics have become, according to our standpoint, more free and candid, or more colourless and chaotic, but, at any rate, less rigid and partisan. It is as if the Party System itself were imposed on us by Celtic conquerors. It is curious that the very name of Tory came from Ireland; as, for that matter, the very name of Whig came from Scotland. The only English contribution was a very English contribution. It consisted in the simple fact that these words, when they were Irish and Scotch, were terms of abuse. Since they have been English, they have become quite convivial and complimentary. That is what the English do with the partisan passions of their neighbours; that is how those coloured clouds fade in the blue dome of our vague universalism and benevolence.

The Irish have no such blue dome; for them the very sky is green or orange. But their religious fire is not only something that we lack, but something that we often borrow. Only anything that we borrow and use gradually takes on that softer and hazier quality, as have the old abusive party nicknames. By all historical analogy, it is quite probable that constitutional parties of the future will proudly call themselves Bolshie or Conchie. England is a queer place, and few try to understand it; least of all the English.



THE SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF DORNOCH CATHEDRAL: THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE—SHOWING AMONG THE CONGREGATION HALBERDS BORNE BY HALBERDIERS IN THE PROCESSION.

The seven-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Dornoch Cathedral, on Dornoch Firth in Sutherland, was celebrated on August 27. There was a procession through the town, and a commemoration service in the cathedral, at which the preacher, Dr. Inch, of Dumbarton, Moderator of the United Free Church, spoke of Church unity. An address was given by Dr. Cathels, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, who paid a tribute to the founder of the cathedral, St. Gilbert de Moray, one of the Murrys of Duffus. It was begun in 1224, for the diocese of Caithness, then a wild and lawless region. In 1570 both town and cathedral were burnt in feud warfare, and the cathedral suffered further in a great storm on "Guy Fawkes" night, November 5, 1605. In 1813 and in 1835-7 much of the ruins was removed, and only part of the original building now remains. In the south transept are buried sixteen Earls of Sutherland.

Photograph by C.N.

higher than the heavens. We cannot really even see the heavens, because we cannot see them as a whole. We could not worship the blue dome of the sky unless we could get outside the sky; and that is something a little beyond us at present, whether we are aviators or astronomers, or even astral bodies.

I repeat that the saying of the Frenchman about the Englishman is inaccurate, or at least insufficient. It might be more true of the Scotsman. Until lately, at least, the Scotch really did have a hundred

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WHERE SPAIN HAS HAD TO SEND EIGHT MORE BATTALIONS: MOROCCO.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



TRIBESMEN ASSEMBLING BEHIND THEIR LINES: AN AIR-VIEW OF SCENES IN THE WAR ZONE OF SPANISH MOROCCO—
SHOWING THE DIFFICULT CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.

It was reported from Madrid on August 31 that heavy fighting had again occurred on the Wad Lau front in Morocco, and that Spanish airmen had been bombing the tribesmen besieging Solano, and also dropping supplies and blocks of ice into the post. The above photograph and that on our front page were taken from Spanish aeroplanes. A Spanish official communiqué described the difficult character of the country—mountains and impenetrable brushwood—in which the troops were operating, and stated that the relieving columns trying to reach besieged

posts were retarded more by thirst than by casualties or sickness. Since June the Spanish forces have been increased by some 35,000 men from Spain, and in the western zone their forces were said recently to number 90,000. On September 2, however, it was stated that, in view of the news from Morocco being "far from good," the Spanish Government had ordered eight more battalions (over 6000 men) to proceed to the front. In the eastern zone from Afrau to Ifruin, Spanish gunboats have bombarded the coast.

SPAIN'S LINGERING WAR: GUNS IN ACTION; ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



SPANISH ARTILLERY IN ACTION IN MOROCCO: GUNS COVERING THE ADVANCE OF COLUMNS AGAINST ABDEL KRIM'S FORCES NEAR AFRAU IN THE EASTERN ZONE.



WHERE THE SPANISH ARTILLERY HAS BEEN LATELY STRENGTHENED: THE CAMPAIGN IN MOROCCO—SHELLING A VILLAGE HELD BY THE ENEMY.



ATTENDED BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: AN OPEN-AIR MASS AT SANTANDER AT THE BLESSING OF A NEW FLAG FOR THE SOMATENES (THE PEOPLE'S ARMED FORCES).



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN PRESENTING THE NEW FLAG: AN INCIDENT OF THE CEREMONY AT SANTANDER.



MARCHING PAST THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN (SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND): SOMATENISTAS AT SANTANDER.



A ROYAL GROUP AT THE BLESSING OF THE FLAG: (IN CENTRE, LEFT TO RIGHT) THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, KING ALFONSO, AND THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS.

A new Spanish offensive was recently undertaken in Morocco, where the campaign against the Moorish tribes, now under Abdel Krim, has been proceeding so long, with indecisive results. The policy of the Spanish Directory is to introduce a real Protectorate, and, as mentioned on another page, the forces in Morocco have been greatly strengthened of late, giving them a great superiority over the enemy in numbers and equipment. The artillery is of good quality, but the rough and mountainous nature of the country, where roads are few or non-existent, makes it difficult to bring the larger pieces into action. Aeroplanes are being used, and on two other pages in this number we reproduce air photographs, taken during

recent operations, and showing very well the character of the ground. They were taken, like the first photograph above, in the eastern zone, whereas most of the news lately has come from the western zone, near Tetuan and the river Wad Lau. A mistaken report got about the other day that King Alfonso himself had visited the Wad Lau front, but this turned out to be due to an error in the transmission of a message, and was subsequently corrected. The King and Queen of Spain and their eldest son, the Prince of the Asturias, recently attended the blessing of a new flag at Santander for a force described by our correspondent as the Somatenes, its members being called Somatenistas.

A SPANISH BALLAD-SINGER: STREET SONGS WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SKETCH BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY JAN GORDON.



AN ITINERANT SINGER IN SPAIN ADOPTS THE METHODS OF A LECTURER: ARMED WITH A POINTER, AND EXPLAINING BALLADS TO HIS AUDIENCE BY MEANS OF PAINTINGS ON A "BANNER" FIXED TO A WALL.

Spain and things Spanish are much in the public eye at present, so this curious incident of Spanish life is not un-topical. We are familiar enough in London with the itinerant vocalist and the pavement artist, but we do not get a combination of the two, as appears from the above drawing to be the custom in parts of Spain. The Spanish country ballad-singer, we are told, illustrates his songs by paintings on a banner-like sheet, demonstrating the incidents, as he comes to them, with a pointer. In this connection we may recall a passage in the

article by our musical critic, Mr. W. J. Turner, in our issue of August 30. Discussing the effect of the gramophone in superseding local music, he said: "The art of singing is almost entirely gone from the peasantry of Europe. In Spain, Sardinia, and the south of Italy you may occasionally still find vestiges of the old folk songs lingering on. Many have been collected during the last twenty-five years, but it is probable that in another twenty-five years there will be none of them to collect."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

STATELY HOMES OF CHINA: WOMEN'S QUARTERS; THE "SPIRIT SCREEN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. CALHOUN.



FIG. 1.—REPRESENTING ONE OF THE CHIEF INTERESTS OF A CHINESE LADY'S SECLUDED LIFE: A PEKINGESE IN A WIFE'S PRIVATE COURTYARD.



FIG. 2.—THE "PRETTY LITTLE LANDSCAPE KINGDOM" OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN'S WIFE: A SUMMER-HOUSE WITH SHRUBS, ARTIFICIAL ROCKS, AND LOTUS POOL.



FIG. 3.—"SUPPOSED TO CHECK THE PASSAGE OF HARMFUL GHOSTS" INTO THE HOUSE: A "SPIRIT SCREEN" FACING THE INNER SIDE OF THE FRONT GATE.

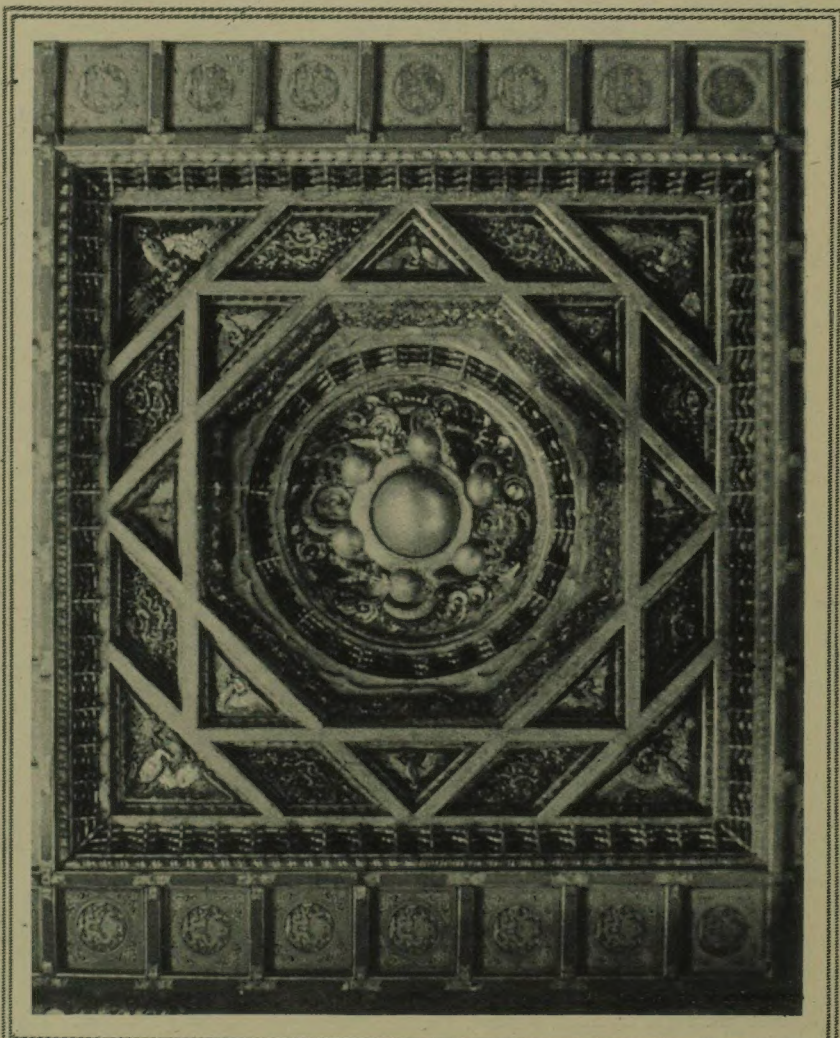


FIG. 4.—"THE FLAMING PEARL, SYMBOL OF SOVEREIGNTY, SURROUNDED BY DRAGONS AND PHŒNIXES": CEILING DECORATION FOUND ONLY IN THE IMPERIAL PALACES.

These very interesting photographs illustrate the article on "The Stately Homes of China," begun on page 430, and to be continued in a later issue. The figure numbers under the illustrations correspond to references in the article. The writer informs us that this is probably the first time that photographs of the princely properties in Peking have ever been taken and offered for publication. As she points out, the house of a wealthy Chinaman consists, not of a single imposing mansion like those of Europe, but of scattered groups of pavilions,

mostly of one storey only, connected by covered passages. Of the women's quarters she writes: "The 'Lady of the Inner Chamber' lacks much that we consider essential to comfort, but she has her separate wing surrounded by its own gardens, and so have her 'understudies.' Thus the ladies are far enough apart . . . each in her own courtyard, with perhaps a pond or a cistern filled with lotuses, or a tiny summer-house with artificial rocks and shrubs (Fig. 2), the whole forming a pretty little landscape kingdom over which she rules like an

[Continued opposite.

STATELY HOMES OF CHINA: TRIPLE GATEWAYS; LIVING QUARTERS APART.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. CALHOUN.



FIG. 5.—WITH CENTRAL DOOR FOR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AND THE "FIRST WIFE," AND SIDE ENTRANCES FOR ORDINARY MORTALS AND "SECONDARY" WIVES: THE TRIPLE GATEWAY TO A RICH CHINAMAN'S HOME, WHERE PRECEDENCE IS STRICTLY OBSERVED.



FIG. 6.—WITH GROUPS OF QUAIN'T FIGURES ON THE ROOFS, ALWAYS IN ODD NUMBERS, THE MALE PREVAILING OVER THE FEMALE: LIVING APARTMENTS OF A CHINESE "MANSION," QUITE SEPARATE FROM THE OFFICIAL PAVILIONS.

Continued.

absolute sovereign. . . . They spend the time that our athletic maids and matrons devote to golf or tennis in rearing little Pekingese dogs (Fig. 1), or superintending the breeding of gold-fish." Inside the triple gateway of a big house is a "spirit screen" (Fig. 3) that is supposed to check the passage of harmful ghosts. In Fig. 4 is seen a decorative pattern for ceilings only used in Imperial palaces—"the flaming pearl, symbol of sovereignty, surrounded by dragons and phoenixes." A curious example of Chinese etiquette is seen in the

triple gateway (Fig. 5), customary in houses of the great, with a central entrance for distinguished guests and the "first wife" and side entrances for ordinary folk and "secondary" wives. The living apartments (Fig. 6) are quite separate from the official pavilions and usually enclosed within further walls and gates. The quaint figures seen on every roof, and intended, like the spirit screen, to ward off baneful influences, "are in odd numbers, so that the Yang, or male principle, may prevail over the Yin, or female principle, thus ensuring harmonious felicity."

THE STATELY HOMES OF CHINA.

By JULIET BREDON. (See pages 428-429.)

THE stately homes of China are hidden behind walls in a carefully screened intimacy. In fact, a traveller wandering through the streets of a native city will only be able to distinguish fine properties by their longer, higher walls, and larger, more imposing gateways. Of the buildings themselves he will see nothing, because they are usually of one storey



FIG. 7.—DAINTILY CARVED: A COVERED PASSAGE CONNECTING THE SCATTERED PAVILIONS THAT COMPOSE A CHINESE "MANSION." INSTEAD OF A SINGLE GREAT BUILDING.

only overshadowed by trees. High houses have never been popular in China; in Peking they were long forbidden, lest they should overlook the Imperial palaces, and Le Conte tells a story of a certain official who, "having built a dwelling more lofty than his neighbours", was accused before the Emperor; whereupon, fearing the consequences, he pulled it down while the matter was under consideration."

Where privacy is as rare as it is in the teeming East, no wonder the rich and powerful—to whom alone it is possible—value their seclusion. If the Englishman's home is his castle, so is the rich Chinaman's. Two ferocious lions (Fig. 8)—of stone—guard the entrance; no flimsy front door, but a triple gateway (Fig. 5, page 429) with tiled rooflets over it like eyebrows. The side openings serve for ordinary mortals; the central gate is reserved for distinguished guests. The "first wife" is also permitted to use the middle door; while the "secondary" wives must be content with the side entrances. The porter, always an old family retainer, can be relied upon to enforce the nice distinctions required by etiquette.

Now the sensation received on passing out of the busy, noisy streets of a Chinese town into one of these stately homes with its flower-filled courtyards is indescribable, because the contrast is extraordinary—as if one had stepped from the workaday world into a fairy palace. The "spirit screen" (Fig. 3) facing the front gate on the inner side cuts off our view at first, just as it is supposed to check the passage of harmful ghosts. This and the marble "spirit slabs" let into the centre of stairways, for the "invisible ones who cannot negotiate steps," increase our weird feeling of the very-far-away in place and time. The luck of the house requires such precautions essential for the "feng-shui," or propitious influences of wind and water, which have an immense importance in China. Furthermore, the little line of gargoyles we see on every roof is also intended to guard against noxious influences. Notice that these quaint figures are always in odd numbers, so that the Yang, or male principle, may prevail over the Yin, or female principle, thus ensuring harmonious felicity (Fig. 6).

Behind the "spirit-screen" a second door with gilded characters, signifying "good luck" and "longevity," leads to the main courtyard surrounded by three pavilions, the largest facing south. In high-class Chinese homes a second, a third, perhaps a fourth stone-paved patio beyond will be devoted to reception-rooms, with a temple for ancestral worship, a library, etc., to complete the group of formal apartments. All these buildings, flanked by large horn lanterns of cylindrical shape inscribed with the name and titles of the owner, stand upon high marble terraces. As foundations in China are shallow and cellars and basements unknown, this ensures protection from damp in the rainy season. Massive roofs, of golden yellow tiles, for the Emperor and his family, blue or green for the "iron-hatted" Dukes, and drab-grey for common folk, rest on immense wooden pillars without capitals, but embedded in stone or marble bases to protect them from moisture. In the spreading curves of the roof-cornices the Chinese love of beauty in architecture finds its highest expression, and to them is largely due the satisfying sense of proportion in their buildings. Colour is supplied by the supporting

wooden brackets in which the rich shadings of ceremonial gowns are repeated; while the gable ends afford an opportunity for the introduction of those wonderful designs we find on tapestries and brocades.

Within the halls, shaded by fine split-bamboo screens, a soft light filters on elaborate ceilings divided into squares. These, like the heavy cross beams (left exposed, as in Gothic buildings), are brilliantly painted in flower, wave, or cloud patterns, save in the Imperial palaces, where the flaming pearl, symbol of sovereignty, is surrounded by dragons and phoenixes (Fig. 4).

As for the furniture of official reception-rooms, it is no less stiff and conventional than the architecture. The throne halls of the Forbidden City, though decorated with lovely carved woodwork, are practically bare save for the platform where the Emperor sits like a Buddha on his altar, a lacquer screen behind him, a few priceless porcelains and bronzes on either side (Fig. 9). In less pretentious private houses stiff blackwood furniture is disposed against the walls, the chairs and tables always in pairs. Rosewood, ebony, or lacquer are used for these drawing-room suites, with inlays of mother-of-pearl, porcelain, or veined marble. Very choice specimens of the latter may be framed and hung as pictures. Screens, mirrors, and clocks, of which there will be three or four in the same room ticking out of tune, appeal to the Chinese taste no less than flowering shrubs with jade leaves and amethyst or tourmaline blossoms. Finally, for the sake of their perfume, dishes of fragrant fruits such as Buddha's Fingers—a distant relative of our oranges and lemons—are placed on tables about the room.



FIG. 8.—MORE FEROCIOUS, IF LESS DIGNIFIED, THAN THOSE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE OR WEMBLEY: ONE OF A PAIR OF ORNATE STONE LIONS GUARDING A RICH CHINAMAN'S HOME."

Yet even these must not be arranged in a haphazard manner, but placed geometrically on plates, three below and one on top for guest rooms, though for the study it is permissible to put "a single fine specimen on white sand or rice in valuable bowls."

The living apartments (Fig. 6) in a Chinese stately home are quite separate from the official pavilions and usually behind them, shut off by further walls and gates. Here we are struck with the discomfort of Chinese life, despite its elegance. There are no spring mattresses on the hard beds, although we find beautiful carved woodwork and satin curtains. Neither are there wardrobes, but only camphor-wood chests, cumbrous to open, for putting away clothing. An arm-chair is an unknown luxury, and a comfortable couch unheard of. But in the master's study there is one perfect flower in a bronze vase that dates from before our Christian era, and perhaps a scroll written by the hand of an inspired calligrapher—and the master is content. In the women's quarters, too, the "Lady of the Inner Chamber" lacks much that we consider essential to our comfort, but she has her separate wing surrounded by its own gardens, and so have her "understudies," the

master's concubines. Thus the ladies are far enough apart, when they want to be, not to "eat vinegar"—each in her own courtyard, with perhaps a pond or a cistern filled with lotuses at the further end, or a tiny summer-house with artificial rocks and shrubs, the whole forming a pretty little landscape kingdom over which she rules like an absolute sovereign (Fig. 2).

Incredible as it seems to us, the women in a Chinese household spend much time together with little bitterness or jealousy to mar their pleasant relationships. Indeed, these Orientals sometimes remark to the foreigner, "Are you not lonely with only one wife in a house?" Owing to their secluded lives, they come to rely a great deal on each other for society, and spend the time that our athletic maids and matrons devote to golf or tennis in rearing the little Pekingese dogs (Fig. 1)—those live toys full of exuberant spirits—or superintending the breeding of gold-fish, which in China is a fine art. Though we have only known the branch of the carp family to which they belong in Europe since the end of the seventeenth century, the Chinese, who claim that it originated in Lake Tsao in Anhui province, began improving and domesticating the species hundreds of years ago, with remarkable results. Collections of gold-fish are a favourite form of extravagance among wealthy Chinese like Chang Tso Lin, the Mukden war lord. Some of the rare varieties with bulging eyes and multiple tails, like floating chiffon scarves, are worth hundreds of pounds. These are kept in earthenware jars, with rocks covered with moss and overgrown with tufts of ferns to afford them a retreat from the light. When the females spawn the eggs must be removed to a shallow vessel lest the males devour them. They are usually hatched out by the heat of the sun, but in some parts of China, according to Wells Williams, "the spawn is carefully placed in an empty egg-shell and the hole closed. . . . The egg is then replaced in the nest, and, after the hen has sat a few days upon it, reopened, when the spawn is placed in vessels of water warmed by the sun, where it soon hatches." The idea of a chicken hatching fish eggs is delightful!

It is but natural to ask how these stately homes of China compare with our own European castles and châteaux. The size and plan of the buildings and the disposition of the ground space in an Oriental manor are inspired by ideals so different from our own that comparison is really impossible. Even understanding and proper appreciation require much time and study. But we certainly miss, at first, the grandeur of the single imposing mansion to which we are accustomed, and find a poor substitute in scattered pavilions connected with covered passages (Fig. 7), despite their dainty colouring and carving.

We feel, too, the lack of architectural variety, for the laws and canons of a thousand years' standing have crystallised Chinese buildings into a deadly symmetry. The Imperial palaces in Peking, with their successive rows of ceremonial halls, are a typical example of the monotony and similarity resulting from a blind obedience to tradition. "Indeed, so strong is the force of tradition in China that there is hardly a detail in the whole architectural scheme of these palaces which is not the exact reproduction of a fixed and ancient formula. The very shape of the roofs sagging from the ridge-pole, lifted at the corners



FIG. 9.—"PRACTICALLY BARE SAVE FOR THE PLATFORM WHERE THE EMPEROR SITS . . . A FEW PRICELESS PORCELAINS AND BRONZES "ON EITHER SIDE": A THRONE HALL IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Photographs by Mrs. Calhoun.

with the ends of the roof-tree thrust up as by a tent-pole inside, carries us back through thirty centuries to the primitive nomad's tent."

(To be continued in a later number.)

THE DAWES DEBATE IN GERMANY: LOBBY SKETCHES IN THE REICHSTAG.

DRAWINGS MADE IN THE REICHSTAG LOBBY BY LADISLAS FODOR.



Herr Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, who made a fighting speech in the debate.

Fürst Otto von Bismarck, grandson of the "Iron Chancellor," Youngest member (aged 27) of the Reichstag.



Herr Henning, leader of the Extreme Right Party (Freiheitspartei). Formerly a Major in the Imperial Army.



Count Westarp (left) and Admiral von Tirpitz (right), two of the most prominent Nationalist Leaders.



General Ludendorff (right), with friends of the Freiheitspartei (the Extreme Right Party)



Herr Marx, the Chancellor, who was howled down by Communists at the opening of the debate.



Herr Hermann Müller, the Socialist leader and an ex-Chancellor, who signed the Versailles Treaty.



Herr Wallraf, President of the Reichstag, and a member of the Nationalist Party.

GERMAN POLITICIANS AS THEY APPEAR TO A WELL-KNOWN GERMAN ARTIST: SKETCHES FROM LIFE OF LEADING PERSONALITIES IN THE REICHSTAG LOBBY BEFORE THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE LONDON AGREEMENT.

These vigorous pictorial character-sketches, which verge on caricature, were made from life in the lobby of the Reichstag in Berlin, during the debate which ended on August 29 in the acceptance of the London Agreement and the Dawes scheme of Reparations. The artist who made the drawings, Herr Ladislav Fodor, is well known as a cartoonist in the Berlin Press. He contributed to our issue of March 8 last a similar series of portrait-sketches made at the trial of General Ludendorff and Herr Hitler at Munich on a charge of treason. On the opening day of the Reichstag debate, August 22, Herr Marx, the Chancellor, was prevented

by Communist disturbances from making his statement on the London Agreement, and the sitting had to be adjourned to the following day. Herr Marx then delivered his speech, and was followed by his fellow delegates to London, Herr Luther, the Finance Minister, and Herr Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, whose speech was highly polemical both against the Nationalists of the right and the Communists of the left. The London Agreement was finally signed at the Foreign Office in London, on August 30, by representatives of the Allied nations and of Germany.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Lore and Legend: Folk-Tales of the North Country.

"THE HAND OF GLORY." Edited by J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH.*

HARK to the Robbers' Chorus!

"Let those who rest more deeply sleep;
Let those awake their vigils keep.
O Hand of Glory, shed thy light,
Direct us to our spoil to-night.
Flash out thy light, O skeleton hand,
And guide the feet of our trusty band."

It was sung in the days of "witches and wisemen, fairies and elves, hobmen and highwaymen, seers, and bold, bad barons," when many a happening was strange and grim, and spells were mighty as the wrath of the Giant of Penhill.

Peggy, the serving-wench, had heard her grandmother speak of the clutching charm from the gallows at the cross-roads, and how it favoured those who invoked its awesome aid. "She well knew the wonderful power which it held over all those asleep under the same roof from the moment the candle held in the skeleton fingers was lighted. She had been told and believed . . . that no earthly power could awake those who slept, so long as that awful light burned. Often, too, had she heard her granny tell stories regarding the mystic potency of this same candle, made from various tallows, one of which must contain the fat from a human heart, together with other equally gruesome ingredients. She was fully aware that when this candle was set alight, and held in the grip of that limb, torn from the body of some malefactor swinging in gibbet chains, a trance, like unto death itself, fell upon all those who . . . were already asleep beneath the roof under which its magic light burned. Well she knew that only blood or milk could put out its flame and so set free the charmed sleepers."

That was where her lore triumphed over the evil. The dairy saved the snow-bound guests from the plundering, and the thieves were taken; "poor Tom's hand," white-dripping candle and all!

So it was often enough: where there was bad there was good, and many an ending was happy. But knowledge had to be there. Cure had to be as familiar as curse.

The suckling babes of the village of Ingleby Greenhow were spirited away, one each month, for five months—and in the cottage of Black Meg were five black cats! Then Robby Eskletts, the hermit, spoke of his dream of circling hagworms, tail to tail; ravens, wing-tip to wing-tip; owls and nightjars; elves of bad countenance; dames of ill-deed astride of their broomsticks; and of a child wrapped in a cat's-skin. Then, at the watching by the boulder and the arrow in the ground, glow-worms and fairy folk, and the prophecy of the coming of the Maid of the Golden Shoon, the lady of the bower who would wear her true knight's armour and would break the spell. And, finally, the challenge to the beldames, the fierce fire-spitting dragons laid low, the earth opening and swallowing the unhallowed hut, and infants clasped to breasts again. Honour won, and it is nothing against it that it had as *aides* a sign made with the charcoal of wickenwood by a smith riding a piebald horse; three cast shoes fastened to a string, "each shoe nine paces from the other and the string sufficiently long to encircle Meg's cottage, and to be securely tied at the ends with a piece of rowan-tree within the knot"; a blazing winding-sheet; and a bunch of kirkyard yarrow and grave-moss. Had there been ignorance of such things, Ingleby Greenhow would have wept itself to a wraith.

Rob and Rosa and Siba the Good were rescued from Golpha, the Brutal, and Elba, the tempter, by Elphi, the dwarf. For Elphi summoned the

dragon-flies of the moors, saying: "Flying Aithers, I command you to make known to the adders and askers that it is my wish that, at sunrise to-morrow, they go in their thousands and conceal themselves near the wicked Golpha's castle. Tell ye every hornet and wasp, and all winged things with stings and venom, I need their aid there at that time. Tell them to gather there in their thousands. Go ye to the bustards and bid them in my name to hie to the ant-hills and convey upon their backs every ant from these five moors. . . . One and all must take the flight of the ravens as their guide when the red sun rises." Thus did hornets build a wall within the prison lock; thus were executioners blinded; and Golpha and Elba, and Mort the Steward, stung to death and eaten by ants and carrion crows. What wonder Siba warned those who were about the guilty three: "Get ye gone; for those who called you hither by the knolling of that bell have listed to their own doom. It will come shortly, and with terror in its wake for all who bide here. . . . Get ye gone speedily, good friends, ere the ravens croak thrice."

Well indeed was it in those days to have intimacy with the supernatural, to be able to fight the wonder-worker with keen and conquering weapons. How else could one live in peace?

The Hall was haunted by the spectre of Bella; Bella who took her own life but was buried in a well,

enough to the "Road Inspectors," the highwaymen then working "The Street" of the North as diligently as they did Maidenhead Thicket, Finchley Common, and Epping Forest, and lending nightly emphasis to Walpole's saying that if the squires did not take the same interest in shooting highwaymen as they did in shooting partridges, Society would be entirely undone and dissolved. The weird seldom gave uncanniness to the exploits of the Knight of the High Toby. He lived as hunter and died as hunted. His "Hand of Glory" was his own steady right and it held pistol seldom flouted. When he was caught it was by betrayal or ill-luck; the golden guineas of rewards grew stronger in temptation with their numbers, and even the most daring cannot defy Fortune for ever. "Cuttermen" was sold for two hundred guineas; Nance, "the Coach Ghost," accounted for a masked trio and a "young gentleman" chained in a loose box; Tom Hoggett cheated the hangman by drowning in the Swale, but he might have escaped had not Bonny Bona had one of his horse's hoofs marked so that its imprint could be easily detected and sworn to; William Nevison, whom Charles II. dubbed "Swift Nick," who may—or may not—have made the famous "Turpin's Ride to York"—was given away by a widow who had harboured him; and Dick Turpin himself—who also may or may not have made the Ainsworthian ride, on "Black Bess"—hanged him-

self by writing from York Castle to his brother at Thackstead, in Essex. The case was curious. Turpin was known in the North as John Palmer, and it was vital that his real name should not be disclosed at his trial. He asked his brother to arrange for someone to swear to him as "John Palmer," or, at least, to "cook" a character for him. "When his letter arrived at Thackstead, there was sixpence to pay, and not recognising the writing, his brother declined to accept the package, which, in consequence, went back to the village post-office. Here, however, the calligraphy was recognised; for Smith, the old post-master, had been Turpin's school-master nearly thirty years before . . . old man though he was, he set out on the long journey to York, and there identified 'John Palmer' as his erstwhile pupil, and the renowned highwayman, Richard Turpin."

Concerning which, our author notes: "It seems

appropriate to conclude with the following paragraph which appeared in a Yorkshire newspaper on July 1923: "The graveyard of St. George's Church, York, in which Dick Turpin is buried, is being converted into a rest garden. No stone marks the grave of the famous highwayman, and it is the intention of the Rector to put up a small memorial tablet."

Well may his Preface say: "Each story is in itself something more than a mere narrative told by old folk on a winter's night, as they sat in the ingle-neuk with the younger generation around them. Each tells us something of the mentality of successive generations; each in its way and place fits into the mosaic work of local history—either in its earliest or more modern chapters—and most are also pregnant with local lore, and in this respect also a contribution to the history and understanding of the evolution of rural life."

Captain Fairfax-Blakeborough is lucky in having inherited from his father that "over a ton" of manuscript which has yielded "The Hand of Glory" and will certainly yield much more when the certain demand is answered; and he is doubly lucky in that he has the skill to edit so admirably. The book he sponsors is assured of popularity, for it will delight both student of folk-lore and "casual reader."

E. H. G.



THE QUEEN AS THE GUEST OF LORD AND LADY ELPHINSTONE: HER MAJESTY (IN THE CENTRE) IN A GROUP AT CARBERRY TOWER.

The Queen concluded her visit to Lord and Lady Elphinstone at Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, on August 29, and arrived on that day at Balmoral, attended by Lady Bertha Dawkins and the Hon. Sir Derek Keppel. Our photograph shows (from left to right), seated: Lady Novar, Lady Bertha Dawkins, the Queen, Lady Elphinstone, Lady Haddington, and Lady Mildmay; (in front) the Hon. Jean Elphinstone and the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone; (standing) Sir Derek Keppel, Lord Lamington, Lord Mildmay, the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Elphinstone, Lord Elphinstone, the Duchess of Portland, (in front of her) the Master of Elphinstone (elder son of Lord and Lady Elphinstone), Lord Novar, and Lord Haddington.—(Photograph by McGeochie, Dunoon.)

rather than at four cross-roads, like other suicides, with stake through heart. No servant would stay in the place. Mother Webster was consulted. The owners were told that "the only way they could escape from the nocturnal visits of her whom they had so much wronged was to leave their home and build another house over running water. On completion, a maiden was to be carried feet first into the new home by the back door and out at the front entrance. The journey through the house was to be made in a straight line." The prescription was perfect. The spirit ceased from troubling!

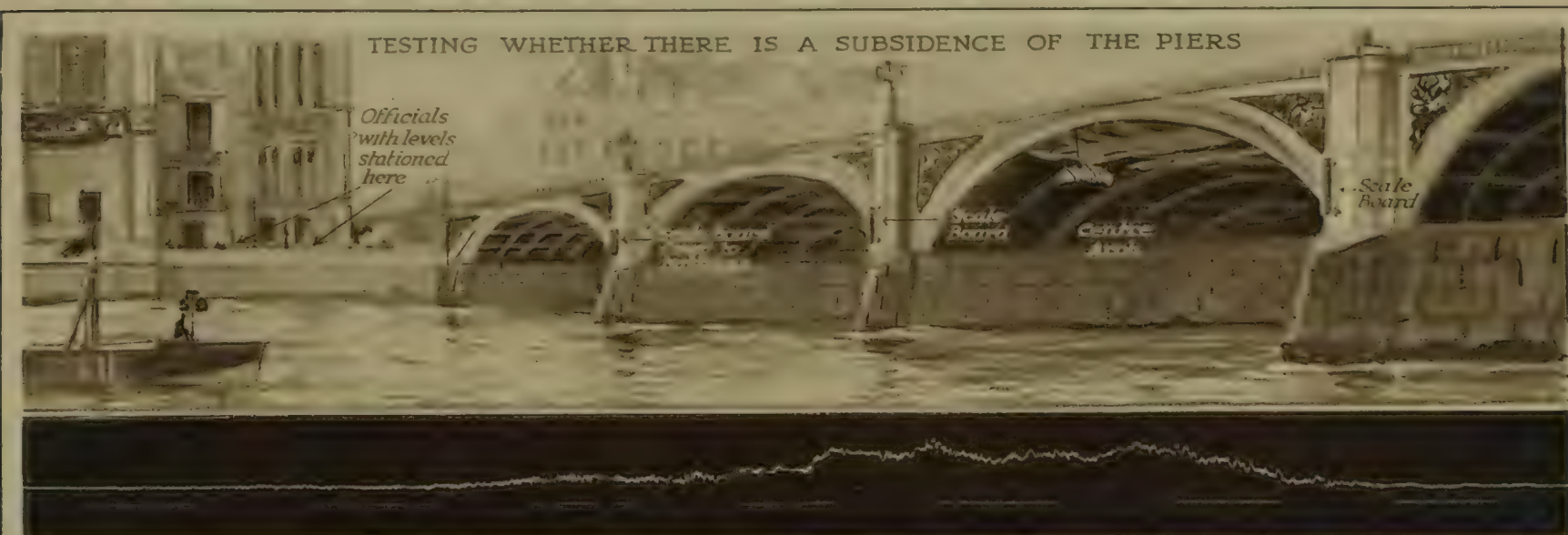
The Giant of Penhill was brought low by nines. Whitebeard, his retainer, begged him heed the omen of nine ravens cawing nine times, and 'was beaten for his pains. Then: "the bleeding Whitebeard crawled to the outer yard and brought nine battens of straw, then nine armsful of ling, and nine skeps of turf (peat). These he fashioned in a heap in the centre of the banqueting hall, and, lighting the straw, piled the wooden chairs around the fire, threw all the treen (wooden bowls and platters) and skins upon it, and departed in the direction of the swinepen." And the giant's way was barred by his dead swine—always a row of nine—and nine tongues of flame leapt from the smoking castle.

That, however, was more of a practical affair than a lesson of legend; and so leads naturally

* "The Hand of Glory and Further Grandfather's Tales and Legends of Highwaymen and Others." Collected by the late R. Blakeborough. Edited by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C. With Decorations by Wyndham Payne. (Grant Richards, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)

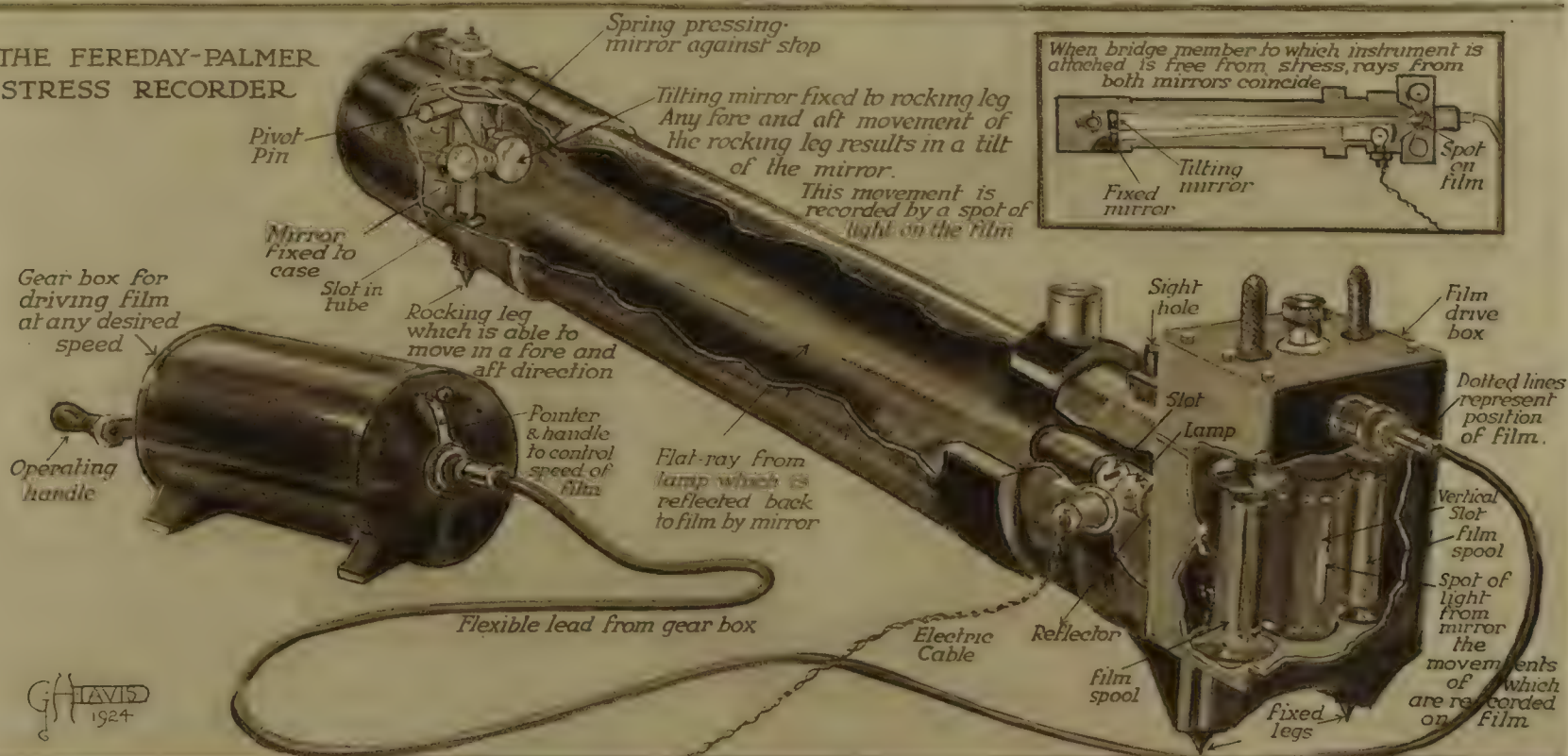
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE TESTS: FILM GRAPHS OF STRESS BY LIGHT RAYS.

DIAGRAMS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE AID OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN "ENGINEERING." PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.

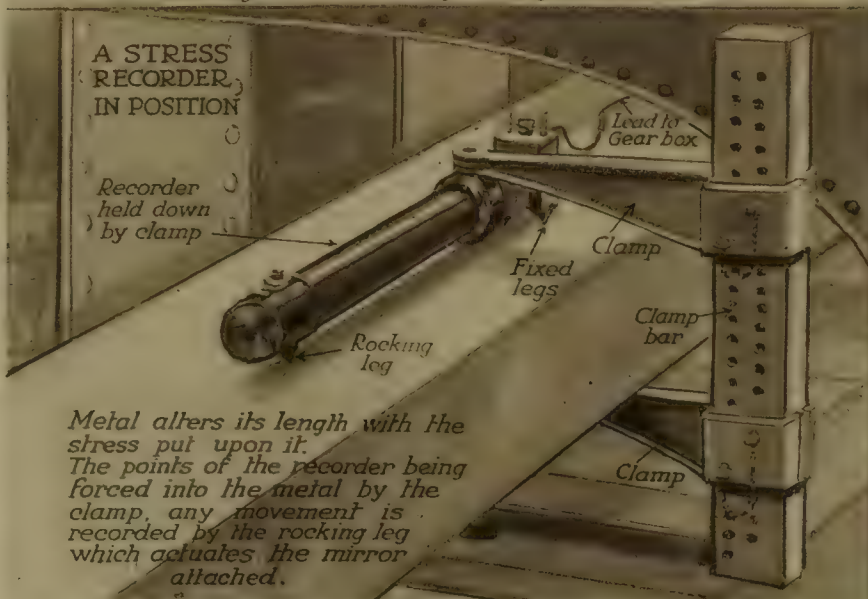


A film taken by the Recorder of stress caused by a train passing over a bridge at 50 miles per hour. Each dash represents a second.

THE FEREDAY-PALMER STRESS RECORDER



Another film showing a train crossing a bridge at 3 miles an hour. Each of the little dashes in dotted line represents one second.



TESTING TRAFFIC EFFECTS ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: A NEW STRESS-RECORDER AND RESULTANT GRAPHS CONTRASTED.

Much interest was taken in the tests carried out on Westminster Bridge, on August 26, to ascertain how an iron bridge of this type bears the greater weight and speed of modern traffic. The chief test was made with the Fereday-Palmer Stress Recorder, invented by Mr. H. J. Fereday, of Messrs. Rendel, Tritton and Palmer, the well-known consulting engineers. First the bridge was tested while under a full load of traffic, and then, at 3 p.m., it was cleared by the police for about five minutes and tested without traffic. The contrast is seen in the two graph records given above. The photograph shows the manholes in the pavement (on the right) through which the engineers entered the hollow pipe-way below. Our diagrams show how graphs are obtained by the Fereday apparatus, which is based on the fact that metal alters its length with the stress placed upon it. The instrument is clamped to a part of the bridge, and its pointed "legs" are forced into the metal. At one end of the tube (the right-hand end in our centre

drawing) the leg-points are fixed, but the single leg at the other end is mounted on a pivot-pin above, and a slot cut in the tube allows this "rocking leg" to move fore and aft. To this leg is attached a small "tilting" mirror. When the bridge member to which the recorder is attached alters its length with the stress put upon it, the rocking leg is slightly moved accordingly, and the mirror tilted. When a ray of light is thrown on to this mirror, it reflects the ray through a vertical slot in a metal plate (at the other end of the tube) round which moves a photographic film, and on the film is recorded a graph of the actual stresses. The film, which passes the slot at any desired speed, is driven by a gear-box through a flexible "lead," and can be operated by hand, clockwork, or electricity. The top drawing shows a method used to record any subsidence of the piers by scale-boards fixed on the buttresses, the readings on the boards being noted, through "levels," from the courtyard of the Houses of Parliament.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

I CONFESS to a weakness for masterpieces in a small format, and to me the reappearance of a favourite book in a pocket edition "renewing is of love." For the little copy that one can carry about in the pocket has a closer intimacy, a friendlier manner, than the larger edition in which one first made its acquaintance. It is so much handier for dipping into: and re-reading at odd moments, for which little books are particularly convenient, usually takes the form of dipping—a glance, during a short railway journey or in an interval of ante-chambering and wantonness, at a well-remembered passage, or a refreshing of memory with some passage that has grown dim in recollection.

The little edition has other and quite adventitious charms. How pleasant, for example, although the pleasure is purely whimsical, is it wholly to conceal the two tiny volumes of the Pickering Homer in one's closed hands—literally to grasp the whole "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in one physical action! That, alas, is all that remains to me now, for Anno Domini has made it impossible to read the microscopic text in anything like comfort, even with strong spectacles. A powerful magnifying glass with an ivory handle might solve the difficulty, but to that solace of the grandsire—more usually of the grand-dam—I have not yet advanced, nor does casual experiment approve it as altogether alluring.

But the little Pickering books remain at the best a freak of typography. The small editions of one's choice are fortunately of a rather larger growth, and their text as yet imposes no strain upon the eyesight. Dainty to handle and easy to read, they come to renew and draw still closer the bonds of old acquaintance, or perhaps of acquaintance not altogether old. For some books of comparatively recent date have had the good fortune to secure early their place in permanent literature, and to claim reissue in compact, convenient, and attractive reprints.

Among older friends one of the most welcome is Meredith in the Mickleham edition, of which the two latest volumes are "THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND" and "RHODA FLEMING" (Constable; 5s. each). If on your travels this autumn you wish to re-read your Meredith, or if your reading of him should happen to be for the first time (in which case I envy you so much that I forbear to blame your tardy arrival at the feast), you could not find a more agreeable or companionable edition than this. Although small, it has a dignity of format entirely appropriate. Meredith demands this distinction. He has peeped out—a trifle furtively—in the older form of cheap edition—paper covers and double-column type—but in that dress he seems a little out of his element. At least one reader has always felt uncomfortable with a Meredith in such a makeshift guise. Perhaps one ought to be above these material considerations, but the shrinking will not be denied. Every good bookman knows that feeling of jealousy for fitting correspondence between the inward and spiritual content of a book and its outward appearance. Great spirits, to be sure, have lacked this reverence—Wordsworth would cut leaves with a butter-smear knife, and feel no compunction; but that hardihood does not condone, let be justify, the stark insensibility of the act.

So much for one familiar friend. Two works, friends of more recent date, have just made a thrice-welcome appearance in small compass—an edition that is a joy alike to hand and eye. These choice books are "THE ART OF READING" and "ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Cambridge University Press; 5s. per vol.). If they were charming in their original format, they seem even more winning in pocket size to the reader whose idiosyncrasy constrains him to a special affection for classics in little. It is not too early to hail these incomparable lectures as classics. They satisfy Sainte-Beuve's conditions of Universality and Permanence. And, although they are college discourses, never perhaps has the academic been made acceptable so cunningly to the catholic mind of man—in plainer phrase, to the "general reader."

It did not fall within the author's scheme in "The Art of Reading" to deal with the ephemeral. "Q" seeks, by directing his audience to masterpieces, to form a taste that will instinctively recognise and choose the best in literature. But that does not necessarily imply any antagonism to lighter recreative books, so they be not mean, contemptible, or vicious. The most cultivated and fastidious literary sense need not be intolerant. A writer who had once said severe things about current fiction can never forget how he was taken to task with gentle irony by the most accomplished literary man of that time—a time now some distance bygone. The censor's censor did not hesitate to confess that he himself found pleasant pastime in the purely sensational stories of a writer then much in favour with the cheaper magazines—not a bad writer, although scarcely in the first flight of literary accomplishment. But there is an excellence of the purely sensational. That was acknowledged by the censor's censor aforesaid, when he wrote gratefully—

They've lightened many a weary mile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau.

Current fiction tends to fall into two sharp divisions. On the one hand, the psychological romance, which describes the actions of extraordinary people in circumstances

generally normal; and, on the other hand, the "thriller," the tale of the detection of crime where reasonably normal characters find themselves enmeshed in a web of unusual happenings. The present popularity of the roman policier requires no emphasis, and it may even be a sign of health. While very clever people may rush to acclaim this or that volume of morbid introspection, works of diseased imagination do not commend themselves to the great mass of readers. The good sense of the public prefers a story of action in which vice is punished and virtue rewarded in accordance with the absolute pattern of fiction—the fairy tale.

Somebody told me once that he could not enjoy a book unless, while reading, he could imagine himself to be one of the leading characters. "In 'The Tempest,'" says "Q," "Shakespeare himself speaks to a slip of a boy, and that boy feels that he is Ferdinand . . . being intent on *What Is*, the heart and secret of the adventure." To such a reader there is no real satisfaction in a story unless in the last chapter the bravest prince marries the most beautiful princess, and the pair live happily ever afterwards, while the evil genius is crushed. This looks like an unblushing plea for the happy ending, and, in a sense, it is. Although I do



WHERE THE SEVEN-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF THE GREY FRIARS WILL BE CELEBRATED: THE ONLY PART REMAINING OF THE FRANCISCAN FRIARY AT CANTERBURY.

On September 10, 1224, nine ragged men, the first missionary Franciscans (or Grey Friars) to come to England, arrived on foot at Canterbury, and on September 10 next the seven-hundredth anniversary of their coming is to be celebrated on the site of the friary built by their successors. It stood on a little island formed by an arm of the Stour and a smaller stream, and presented to the Order in 1267. The only surviving building (built over the stream, as shown in our photograph) was probably the house of the Custos, or Guardian, head of the Friary. The building and its precincts have been carefully restored by their present owner, Major H. G. James. The Roman Catholic celebrations on September 10 will include High Mass at the Church of St. Thomas the Martyr, in the presence of Cardinal Bourne, and a procession of Franciscan Friars from the church to the site. In Canterbury Cathedral there will be a choral Eucharist and a sermon by the Bishop of Truro.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

not ask that a wreath of orange blossom shall always encircle the word "Finis," I do demand that I shall be dismissed "in calm of mind," and, as far as possible, with an assurance that the world, if not yet fit for heroes, is quite a cheerful place, after all.

In a well-ordered tale virtue ought always to achieve some sort of triumph, and nowhere is its ultimate victory so completely satisfying as in the detective novel. There the struggle is against concrete evil-doing, and the result is more convincing than that of a drama purely psychological. In detective stories, too, active adventure is a main factor, which makes a surer appeal to those who are such stuff as ordinary people are made of—people whose little lives are bounded by a season ticket and the romance of the nine-fifteen. They come, these detective stories, in stacks from the publisher's counter. They are of all sorts and conditions, the brilliant, the not-so-brilliant, and the shoddy; but they pay their way—or so I am credibly informed—even the worst of them.

It is two years since on this page I spoke of a detective story which turned on smuggling and the timber trade. I marked that tale as a novelty because it broke away from the Holmes and Watson manner. We had long been accustomed to detective fiction in which it had become a convention to show the superiority of the amateur sleuth to the professional, but in "The Pit Prop Syndicate" the police solved the mystery while the amateurs were left (if I remember aright) literally at sea. Nowadays the movement has progressed, the modern detective story has outgrown the cigarette-end and footprint phase. The literary workmanship has improved almost out of recognition,

and the writer's task is not so much that of puzzling the police as of puzzling the reader. In not a few cases this is done with a deftness that may claim to be art.

It used to be a safe move to suspect the least likely person. That is what I have been doing until quite lately, with some success and consequent self-satisfaction; but pride has met its usual reward. In "THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) Mr. A. E. W. Mason laid a trap for me in the form, not of a double but a triple bluff, for (pace pride and falls) I have grown wise in the ways of detective fiction. I confess, however, I did not expect Mr. Mason to swing the situation back to the remote contingency, and there he caught me. I admired, but I laid the ingenious drama down with a pang, for reasons which you will appreciate when you read the story. You will then understand why the book did not leave me content with life in general. I owe it to you to make no further disclosure. As a mystery the tale could scarcely be improved, but the ending left me with a painful sense of loss, something that is best described in Bret Harte's parody of "Maud Muller" by the line—

It is, but hadn't ought to be.

This does not apply in any way to Mrs. Agatha Christie's new novel, "THE MAN IN THE BROWN SUIT" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Readers of our associated journal, the *Sketch*, will have cause for disappointment only if they expect to hear more of the exploits of M. Hercule Poirot. Personally—let me emphasise "personally"—I would not take a dozen Poirots in barter for one Anne Beddingfeld on the point of entertainment. Whereas M. Poirot did protest too much about his "little grey cells," Anne, being a woman, relies on instinct, and comes out on top after three hundred and ten headlong pages. The light and facetious vein keeps the most captious reader in high good humour throughout. Judge of Hercules (not Poirot) by his foot. Here is an extract from the diary of Sir Eustace Pedler, of whom, as of Pagett, you must savour the full bouquet for yourself—

After lunch, the Beddingfeld girl came and sat with us for coffee. I was right about her legs; they are the best on the ship. I shall certainly ask her to dinner as well.

I would very much like to know what mischief Pagett was up to in Florence. Whenever Italy is mentioned he goes to pieces. If I did not know how intensely respectable he is, I should suspect him of some disreputable amour. . . .

I wonder now! Even the most respectable men—it would cheer me up enormously if it was so.

Pagett—with a guilty secret! Splendid!

In this story, Mrs. Christie's method is a little less direct than in former works from her gifted pen. Hitherto, she has kept close to the scene of her crime. Here the stage is almost world-wide, and she fills it with a diversity of creatures, all clear-cut and individual, and, chief merit—although this is an extravaganza—all human and credible after their several kinds. Even the greatest villain is most persuasive and plausible—a man to know; one who, given the right opportunity, would be a friend in need. However that may be, we take leave of him with the impression that he is a friend indeed, and I am not sure that Anne Beddingfeld was not of the same opinion.

By way of contrast to pleasant bubbles for the beguilement of the passing hour, these exciting tales that do not pretend to literary permanence, you should put on your library list Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new novel, "THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), a thing of delicate and fantastic artistry. Here, once again, as in "Adrienne Toner," a foreign young woman descends upon a shabby but not uncultivated English family, to the disturbance of its peace. The cause of all the trouble is that universal cause, the war, but the war on a side issue. For in those bad days there was much suppression of vital facts not only in public documents, but in private letters, and it is suppression in letters that counts here. This novel, brilliant as all Mrs. Basil de Selincourt's work is—I remember the thrill of something like discovery with which I read her first book, "The Shadow of Life," with its sense of new vistas opening in fiction—belongs to the class already mentioned; it is the record of unusual people in situations not unusual. The scenes are for the most part quiet domestic interiors, framed between an opening in a waiting-room at Victoria Station and an ending in a village church in Brittany. The action is subjective, the actors like dream people, and the effect of this modern episode, complete in conception and of a minute introspection, has a touch of the other-worldly. It is, in fact, like some delicate water-colour landscape peopled with the artificialities of Watteau and his artificial century; and this quasi-negation of our more strenuous times heightens the charm of a book that must be accounted among works of genius.

But the novel is no mere fanciful cobweb. From its fine texture can be detached a philosophy, a shrewd suggestion of the truth about two nations, England and France. "You English," says the Frenchman André, "lurch, but lurching becomes you. You lurch, as a rule, in the right direction—for yourselves. Look at your Empire, all made up of lurches and success. You are a people who do not need to see your goal. . . . Our horizon is more restricted, but because we see the frame we can fit our picture into it. . . . You take in more, but you don't know what to make of it. To make all that can be made of the time and space at our disposal, that is our wisdom; and can there be a better one?" This is a book that will help England to a better understanding of the essential France, and perhaps the benefit will be reciprocal.

WAR IN BRAZIL'S RICHEST CITY: SAO PAULO AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



BIVOUACKING IN THE STREETS OF SAO PAULO AFTER ITS CAPTURE FROM THE REBELS: BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



GREAT-WAR METHODS USED BY THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT FORCES: A LINE OF TANKS ENTERING SAO PAULO.



AFTER ONE OF SEVERAL LARGE FIRES CAUSED BY THE BOMBARDMENT: A GUTTED SHOP BUILDING.



INTERESTED IN THE HOLE MADE BY AN UNEXPLODED SHELL: TYPICAL SAO PAULO CIVILIANS IN THE CAPTURED CITY.



ONE OF SAO PAULO'S FIVE HUNDRED FACTORIES AFTER THE SIEGE: BUILDINGS DESTROYED DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY.



REMINISCENT OF BELGIUM AND FRANCE IN THE GREAT WAR: HOUSES IN SAO PAULO WRECKED BY BOMBARDMENT.

Sao Paulo, the capital of the Brazilian State of the same name, and the richest commercial city in the country, was the centre of a rebellion that broke out against the Federal Government on July 5. Some 20,000 rebels, under General Isidore Lopez, seized the Governor's Palace and deposed the Governor. The Federal Government in Rio de Janeiro, 300 miles away, sent strong forces to Sao Paulo, accompanied by tanks and artillery, and the city was invested. After a heavy bombardment and fierce street and house-to-house fighting, in which it was reported that 3000 lives were lost, Sao Paulo was captured by the Government troops on July 28, and the rebels retreated. Meanwhile some 250,000 of the inhabitants had left the city as refugees. The scenes recalled those of Belgium in 1914. A correspondent, examining the condition of the city on July 30, found

ample evidence of warfare—barricades and trenches and wrecked buildings. There had been several large fires, including one at the Anglo-American oil stores. It was expected that the rebels would attempt to reach Paraguay. They were said to have released convicts for forced service in their ranks, and to have employed German and Austrian mercenaries. Sao Paulo is described as "the wealthiest and most modern city of Brazil," and "a cleaner Bradford"—owing to its numerous mills. It is also a great centre of the coffee trade. The rebellion has been ascribed to various causes—racial, commercial, and political, or to discontent among certain Army officers. Sao Paulo has a population of some 500,000, of whom about a half are Italians. Its mercantile leaders are said to have resented the Federal Government's financial policy.

TEN-LEGGED AND "STALK-EYED": BRITISH DECAPODS IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS.

By DR. FRANCIS WARD, F.Z.S.

INCLUDED under the heading of decapod crustaceans are lobsters, crabs, prawns, and shrimps. The limy shell of these species at one time consisted of twenty separate parts, which were divided into the head, thorax, and abdominal segments, the last abdominal segment forming the tail-fan. In most decapods the fourteen segments of the head and thorax have fused to form the carapace. The term decapod, as the word implies, refers to the ten feet of these crustacea; they are also termed "stalk-eyed," because the eyes are carried on stalks so that they may be moved about. Though the segments of the head and chest have become fused, their positions

its commoner relative. The Scarlet Squat, which is found in deep water off the coasts of Cornwall and Devon, as its name suggests, is a still more gaudy species.

Various Spider Crabs, so called because of their long legs, are probably the commonest of crabs to be found in rock pools at low tide. A species frequently met with is the Spiny Spider Crab (*Maia squinado*), which lives on a rocky bottom at a depth of ten to fifteen fathoms. Seldom is a crab or lobster pot drawn up without one or two of these nuisances being found in it. The fishermen dislike them because they eat the bait intended to entice more valuable crustaceans, and, as they are very restless, they frighten away edible crabs and lobsters which would otherwise find their way into the wicker-work cages. The carapace is ovoid in shape and, as their name indicates, is covered with spines. At certain times of the year, generally round the month of May, spider crabs swarm in the sea, like a plague. Sometimes larger specimens are put on the market, but they are coarse eating and very tasteless.

A very interesting species of this group is *Hyas araneus*, because of its masking habits. It is common round the British coasts, but usually escapes detection, for the carapace and limbs are completely hidden by tufts of seaweed, sponges, and other organisms. This spider crab actually dresses itself in this disguise by plucking weeds and placing them on its carapace, where they are held by numerous hooked hairs. As the transplanted vegetation grows, the crab resembles a mass of growing vegetation which slowly moves along the bottom, and, as the pace at which the crab crawls is very slow, the moving mass of weeds and sponges does not suggest the presence of a living crustacean. There is also no doubt that *Hyas araneus* appreciates when the growth on its carapace is in keeping with its surroundings, for a specimen of this spider crab, covered with sea-weed, was placed in a tank containing only sponges, and the crustacean removed the weeds and replaced them with portions of sponge. The vegetation growing on the carapace is also occasionally used as food, and crabs have been seen to pick off the weed and convey it to the mouth.

In some spider crabs the legs are very long and attenuated, as in the long-legged spider crab, *Stenorhynchus phalangium* (Fig. 2). The carapace is small and triangular in shape, and the legs are covered with hairs. The form of this crustacean suggests that it would travel rapidly over the bottom, but, on the contrary, its movements are slow and deliberate, and it passes most of its time quite motionless, as it stands concealed among delicate leaves of seaweeds.

The common edible crab (*Cancer pagurus*) is familiar to all. It was known to the Romans as *Carabus*, hence the term "crab," as applied to short-tailed crustacean decapods. The adults are found in shallow water round rocky coasts, while the young are plentiful in the pools between tide marks. Here they are very active, and, if chased, will quickly burrow into the sand, where, half-buried, they lie quite still and pass themselves off as a stone.

Cancer pagurus is one of the most useful of scavengers in the sea; they are by no means dainty feeders, and often congregate where town refuse escapes into the water. This edible crab sometimes grows to a great size, and specimens of over twelve pounds in weight have been taken.

Crabs, like lobsters and other crustaceans, cannot increase in size while they retain their hard limy coverings, and so they moult. There is no hard-and-fast rule as to the interval between one moult and another. The time depends upon the amount of food that the crab is able to obtain. Berridge, in his "Animal Curiosities," quotes an interesting case where a specimen was kept in captivity. This crab must have been fed exceptionally well, for it cast its shell on April 11, May 22, July 3, Aug. 30, and Sept. 21.

It is an engrossing sight to watch a moult. First the crab, which has retired to a sheltered spot, becomes comatose. Soon the whole splits on the under-surface round the attachments of the legs. The new

coat can be seen beneath, very bright in colour, and quite soft to the touch. The main shell is now thrown aside, and slowly the crustacean withdraws his appendages from their old envelopes. When all the old shell has been cast, the new soft covering is perfect in every detail: not only on the appendages, but the covering on the eyes, gills, and even the stomach lining has been replaced.

The crab during the soft stage hides itself away under a protecting stone. Here it grows rapidly before the new shell hardens—in fact, the tissues are immediately distended with water so as to acquire increase in size as rapidly as possible. In the case of the lobster the soft body is drawn out through a rupture of the shell just above the abdominal ring.

In nearly every rock pool, the common Shore crab (*Carcinus maenas*) is found. There it leads an amphibious life, for it will remain out of the water for several hours at a time. In tropical waters allied species can be seen scrambling nimbly over the rocks. Shore crabs are easily recognised from small edible crabs by the fact that the edge of the carapace is toothed, while that of the edible crab is frilled. Not infrequently this crab is offered for sale; the flesh has a pleasant though rather sweet flavour.

I had never known of a Shore crab carrying any vegetation on its back until the spring of 1923, when a specimen about three-and-a-half inches across was brought by a fisherman to the Biological Station at Port Erin. This small crab had six-and-a-half feet of the large-leaved sugar tangle seaweed (*Laminaria saccharina*) attached to the carapace. A spore had evidently by accident become attached to some roughened place on the shell.

Two photographs of this exceptional occurrence are given on page 437. In one illustration (Fig. 4) the roots of the *Laminaria* are shown entirely covering the carapace. The other illustration (Fig. 3) shows the extent of weed which the crab dragged about after it wherever it went. The crab can just be seen as a dark body to the right of the heavy mass of weed on the left. This crustacean was quite healthy and ate well. The interesting point arising out of this phenomenon was, just how long does it take for six-and-a-half feet of *Laminaria* to grow? Obviously the crab had not moulted since the spore became attached to the carapace.

Another interesting British crustacean is the Masked Crab (Fig. 8), which dwells on a sandy bottom at a depth of ten to fifteen fathoms. It derives its name from the grotesque appearance of a human face on the back, caused by the furrows on the carapace.



FIG. 1.—A CONNECTING-LINK BETWEEN THE CRABS AND LOBSTERS: THE SQUAT LOBSTER (*GALATHEA STRIGOSA*), THE LARGER OF THE TWO BRITISH VARIETIES, FOUND IN DEEP WATER.

can still be recognised by the position of the paired appendages.

A typical decapod has twenty pairs of appendages. On the head are the stalked eyes, two pairs of feelers, three pairs of jaw appendages; on the thorax the first three appendages are known as foot-jaws, because they help in the process of mastication; then come five pairs of legs—of these the first pair are specially adapted as the large pincer-claws, or *chelipeds*; the remaining four are walking legs, and of these the first two usually carry nippers. To the segments of the abdomen are attached six pairs of swimmerets.

Decapods are divided into long-tailed crustaceans (*macrura*), which include the lobsters, and short-tailed crustaceans (*brachyura*), among which are crabs.

In crabs, the carapace forms a broad shield-like covering over the head and chest, while the abdomen has become rudimentary. This shrunken abdominal section is popularly known as the "apron," and is held tucked up under the carapace. Crabs are most abundant in tropical waters, and the northern limit of their range is round the shores of the British seas. It would be impossible in a short article to describe all the crabs. I will, therefore, confine my remarks to a few species of which I obtained photographs during a recent visit to the Marine Biological Station at Port Erin, Isle of Man.

The Squat Lobster (*Galathea*) forms a connecting link between long-tailed and short-tailed crustacea. In this group, during rest, the abdomen is completely bent up under the carapace like the rudimentary abdominal section of the true crab. Two species of *Galathea* are common round our shores; the illustration (Fig. 1) shows the larger of the two, which is usually found in deep water.

Galathea squamifera is the species which frequents the rock-pools round the coast. This is a very active crustacean, and an attempt to bring it to the collector's net generally entails a prolonged hunt. Often, as one leans over to lift a likely stone under which it may be lurking, the crustacean will shoot away so rapidly that one wonders whether a fish has darted out of hiding. In the end, all stones that can give shelter have to be moved, and not infrequently the water bailed out. Like all the higher crustacea, *Galathea* has the power of self-amputation of a limb, but in this group it is possessed to a marked degree. In shape it suggests a short, broad, spiny lobster; the adults are of a bluish-brown colour, while the young show brilliant red and blue markings.

In *Galathea strigosa* (Fig. 1) the claws are exceptionally large, and numerous spines are present on both margins; the colouring is also more brilliant than on



FIG. 2.—VERY SLUGGISH DESPITE ITS LENGTH OF LIMB: THE LONG-LEGGED SPIDER CRAB (*STENORHYNCHUS PHALANGIUM*), WHICH USUALLY HIDES AMONG SEAWEED.—[Copyright Photographs by Dr. Francis Ward, F.Z.S.]

The male and female differ in that the male has long chelipeds, twice the length of the body; whereas those of the female are quite short. The antennae in both sexes are very long, and carry a fringe of strong hairs. The peculiarity in the habits of this crab is that it entirely disappears under the sand except for the tips of the antennae.

When the masked crab burrows, the antennae are approximated and the hairs are interlocked, so that the two antennae are converted into a long tube. The improvised tube communicates with a space in front of the mouth, which, in turn, communicates with the gill chambers. When about to burrow in the fine sand the crab sits up like a dog begging; the hindmost

(Continued on page 436.)

A LIVING "FLOWER-POT": A CRAB WITH SEAWEED GROWING ON ITS BACK.

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FIG. 3.—WITH SIX-AND-A-HALF FEET OF "SUGAR TANGLE" SEAWEED GROWING FROM ITS CARAPACE: A SMALL SHORE CRAB (*CARCINUS MÆNAS*) ONLY $3\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES ACROSS (CENTRE FOREGROUND) IN AN UNPRECEDENTED PREDICAMENT, BUT QUITE HEALTHY.



FIG. 4.—HOW LONG HAD THE SEAWEED TAKEN TO GROW AND PREVENTED A FRESH MOULT? THE SAME CRAB (AS ABOVE) WITH ITS CARAPACE COVERED BY ROOTS OF "SUGAR-TANGLE" SEAWEED (*LAMINARIA SACCHARINA*), A SPORE OF WHICH HAD ACCIDENTALLY BECOME ATTACHED TO THE SHELL.



Describing this remarkable phenomenon in crustacean life, in his article on page 436, Dr. Francis Ward says: "I had never known a Shore Crab carrying any vegetation on its back until the spring of 1923, when a specimen about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches across was brought by a fisherman to the Biological Station at Port Erin. This small crab had six-and-a-half feet of the large-leaved sugar tangle seaweed (*Laminaria saccharina*) attached to the carapace. A spore had evidently by accident become attached to some roughened place on the shell. In one illustration (Fig. 4) the

roots of the *Laminaria* are shown entirely covering the carapace. The other illustration (Fig. 3) shows the extent of weed which the crab dragged about with it wherever it went. The crab can just be seen as a dark body to the right of the heavy mass of weed on the left. This crustacean was quite healthy and ate well. The interesting point was, just how long does it take for $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. of *Laminaria* to grow? Obviously the crab had not moulted since the spore became attached to the carapace."

THE CRAB AT HOME: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MANX DECAPODS.

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FIG. 5.—WITH ITS LAST PAIR OF LEGS LIKE LARGE, FLATTENED PADDLES (FOR PROPULSION AND DIGGING): A SWIMMING CRAB (*PORTUNUS PUBER*), OR "FIDDLER" CRAB—REAR VIEW.



FIG. 6.—ANGRY, AND WITH ITS SWIMMING LEGS ERECTED—THE LEFT ONE SHOWING WELL THEIR STRUCTURE: A SWIMMING CRAB (*PORTUNUS PUBER*), FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 5.



FIG. 7.—USING A SPONGE AS A TEMPORARY DOMICILE: AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN OF THE COMMON HERMIT CRAB (*PAGURUS BERNHARDUS*) DREDGED UP FROM TWENTY FATHOMS.



FIG. 8.—NAMED FROM FURROWS ON THE CARAPACE WHICH RESEMBLE A GROTESQUE HUMAN FACE: THE MASKED CRAB—REAR VIEW, SHOWING ONE LONG CHELIPED.



FIG. 9.—ON THE WATCH: A SMALL CIRCULAR CRAB, WITH SPINY LEGS AND A STRONG POINTED ROSTRUM, DREDGED UP FROM TWENTY FATHOMS.



FIG. 10.—DISTURBED AND ANGRY: THE SAME CRAB AS SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION (FIG. 9) THROWING ITSELF BACKWARDS.

Much interest was aroused the other day by the arrival at the "Zoo" Aquarium of a lively little lobster, caught off Eastbourne, that was not of the usual dull hue, but a bright scarlet, just as if it had been boiled. Dr. Francis Ward, in his fascinating article on page 436, tells us of young lobsters, of the *Galathea* group, that have brilliant red and blue markings, and of a still gaudier species, the Scarlet Squat, found in deep water off the coasts of Cornwall and Devon. The remarkable photographs on this and the previous page, as well as those accompanying the article, were taken by Dr. Ward at Port Erin, in the Isle of Man.

The figure numbers attached to our illustrations correspond with his references to the various subjects, which he explains in detail. The ways of crustaceans, as he describes them, are indeed wonderful, especially the moulting process. "First the crab," he writes, "becomes comatose. Soon the whole splits on the under-surface round the attachments of the legs. The new coat can be seen beneath, very bright in colour, and quite soft to the touch. The main shell is now thrown aside and slowly the crustacean withdraws his appendages from their old envelopes."

THE STATUETTE AS ARTIST'S "MODEL": DAINTY "STILL LIFE" PICTURES.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



A NOVEL TOUCH IN "STILL-LIFE" PAINTING: "THE BARRIER," BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD.



"STILL LIFE" WITH AN APPEARANCE OF REAL LIFE: "MISCHIEF," BY ORLANDO GREENWOOD.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE TORMENTS OF TANTALOS — AND THE GOAT-MOTH.

By W. P. Pyecraft F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE doom of Tantalos, the Phrygian king, to be for ever hungry and athirst, yet with sparkling water and luscious fruits always apparently within his grasp, we must accept as a just doom—for was it not so ordered by the gods whom he had flouted and tricked? But what are we to say of the poor Goat-moth (Figs. 1 and 2), sentenced, apparently, to a like fate, yet certainly innocent of like offences?

For the sake of those who are not expert entomologists, it would be well to explain that the Goat-moth is one of the largest of our British moths,

they hide in the bowels of a tree, gnawing away at its vitals. Elm, ash, or willow are its principal victims. The moth is not easily seen, for it is protectively coloured. But there is no mistaking the whereabouts of the caterpillar (Fig. 3). Its scent betrays it—a pungent, goat-like smell, which travels far. Hence the name of the moth. When fully matured it emerges from its burrow to find a suitable place in which to undergo its transformation into a chrysalis. By the time it emerges for this brief spell of freedom in the open air, it has attained to a quite respectable size, being as large as one's index finger. Its coloration is then of a pinkish-ochreous colour, inclining to mahogany-red on the back. The head is small, black, and shiny, but armed with extremely powerful jaws which enable it to cut through and break up the hard wood on which it feeds.

Having found a suitable place for pupation, it proceeds to spin around its body a silken shroud, strengthened by fragments of wood. And here, once more withdrawn from human eyes, it changes into an apparently lifeless chrysalis, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4).

Everything about this modern Tantalos seems to be remarkable. Examine this chrysalis, and you will find, on the back of the abdomen, rows of small spines or teeth, which apparently serve to assist the wriggling movements of the emerging moth when it is about to escape from the extremely hard "cocoon." Its near relation, the Leopard-moth (Fig. 2), has a similar life-history. And it, too, never again tastes either food or drink after it has ceased to be a caterpillar, having, like its larger relative, been deprived of its tongue.

The Hawk-moths stand out in strong contrast with the poor Goat and Leopard moths. They seem, indeed, to be special favourites of Nature: for she has endowed them with tongues of excessive length, and an unquenchable thirst for nectar. So much so is this the case with the huge Death's-head moth that it will even raid the bee-hives for the sake of the glorified nectar which is honey.

But the Hawk-moths, in their latter days at any rate, spend their time in good works. For there are many plants whose very existence depends on the good offices of these creatures of the air. For they only can carry the fertilising pollen from one flower to another, thus, and thus only, ensuring fruitful seed. The great and beautiful Convolvulus Hawk-moth has an enormous proboscis, and this it thrusts down the long tubes of the flowers of the tobacco plant, drinking as it hovers in the air. In the chrysalis stage this proboscis presents a most odd appearance: for it stands far out from the body, and is curled round at its tip, so that it looks as though it were the handle of a pitcher. It is well that during this period of helplessness it is hidden by Mother Earth, for above ground it would be in constant danger of injury, and this could only end in death.

But the most remarkable proboscis of all the moth tribe is that of *Xanthopan prædicta* (Fig. 5); for in this insect it attains to a length of ten or eleven inches. The specific name—*Prædicta*—was assigned to it because its existence was foretold before specimens were actually found. The prophet was Alfred Russel Wallace; and he was inspired by Darwin's comments on a Madagascar orchid—*Angraecum sesquipedale*—which has an immensely long and deep nectary.

Darwin had pointed out that the pollen of this remarkable flower could only be removed by the base of the proboscis of some very large moth, when trying to get at the nectar at the bottom of the tube. The moths with the longest proboscis, would, he pointed out, do this most effectually: they would be rewarded, for their long tongues, by getting the most nectar; whilst, on the other hand, the flowers with the deepest nectaries would be the best fertilised by the largest moths preferring them. Consequently, the deepest-nectarised orchids and the longest-tongued moths would each confer on the other an

advantage in the battle of life. Impressed by this argument, Wallace measured the proboscis of an African species—*Xanthopan morgani*—and found it seven inches and a-half. This induced him to remark that "a species having a proboscis two or three inches longer could reach the nectar in the largest flowers of *Angraecum sesquipedale*, whose nectaries vary from ten to fourteen inches. That such a moth exists in Madagascar may be safely predicted; and naturalists who visit that island should search for it with as much confidence as astronomers searched for the planet Neptune—and I venture to predict they



FIG. 1.—DOOMED, LIKE TANTALOS, TO STARVATION IN SIGHT OF PLENTY: THE GOAT-MOTH, WHICH HAS NO PROBOSCIS, SHOWN AT REST.

"Although in this photograph it shows up fairly distinctly against the background of bark, the Goat-Moth is by no means so easily seen in its natural colours."—[Photograph by A. H. Bishop.]

having a span across the wings, in the female, of nearly four inches (Fig. 2). There is nothing striking about its coloration, though when carefully examined, this is seen to be made up of a combination of varying shades of brown, giving a very beautiful, velvety effect. June and July are the most likely months in which to find it, but some may be taken even in August.

I have but just left what seemed to be most likely haunts of this species, and night after night went out in high expectation of finding one or more at the "wine-parties" to which I invited all the moths of the neighbourhood! The "wine" was concocted of a mixture of treacle, ale, and rum; and this was smeared in patches on the trunks of trees, in a ride in the wood. Hordes of moths, of many species, came to drink. What will the Prohibitionists say? All who partook of the feast got deliciously intoxicated, and some of the most abandoned drinkers were "Old Ladies." From their Quaker-like dress

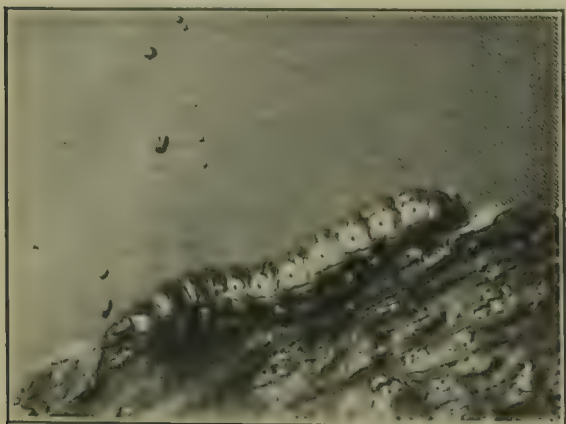


FIG. 3.—NAMED FROM ITS "PUNGENT, GOAT-LIKE SMELL": THE CATERPILLAR OF THE GOAT-MOTH, AS LARGE AS AN INDEX FINGER—"A VERY RESPECTABLE SIZE." "The small black spots on a white background are the 'spiracles,' or apertures of the tracheæ, or breathing-tubes."

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

one would never have suspected that they could thus have been tempted!

But the poor Goat-moth was never among this crowd. Though they cannot resist the invitation when it comes to them, yet it is in vain that they come, for they can neither eat nor drink, Nature having deprived them of the only means of feeding which a moth possesses—the long tongue, or proboscis.

Is this a punishment for the evil they do in the days of their reckless youth? For three long years



FIG. 2.—BOTH TONGUELESS, AND UNABLE TO EAT OR DRINK AFTER THE CATERPILLAR STAGE: THE MASSIVE GOAT-MOTH (ABOVE) AND ITS NEAR RELATIVE, THE LEOPARD-MOTH (BELOW), WITH WINGS EXTENDED

Photograph by A. H. Bishop.

will be equally successful." Wallace was quite right. That moth was afterwards found, and very appropriately named "*Prædicta*."

The gay butterfly and the nocturnal moth are alike voiceless. But there is one exception to this rule, and that is furnished by our great "Death's head" moth, who spends his early years in our potato fields. But not until he arrives at the dignity of mothhood does he become vocal. Then, through that long tubular tongue up which he sucks the heavenly nectar as men suck up summer drinks through a straw, he will, if alarmed, expel air so as to give rise to a curious squeaking sound, very disconcerting to those who hold one captive in the hand for the first time.



FIG. 5.—A MOTH WHOSE EXISTENCE WAS FORETOLD (FROM THE ORCHID IT FERTILISES) BEFORE IT WAS DISCOVERED: THE REMARKABLE *XANTHOPAN PRÆDICTA*, WITH TEN-INCH PROBOSCIS.

"The enormously long proboscis is even longer in the Madagascar race of this great Hawk-moth, whose specific name, '*Prædicta*,' was bestowed to commemorate the fact that the existence of such a moth was foretold, by Alfred Russel Wallace, before specimens were actually found. The forecast was made to account for the enormous length of the nectary of one of the orchids found only in Madagascar."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

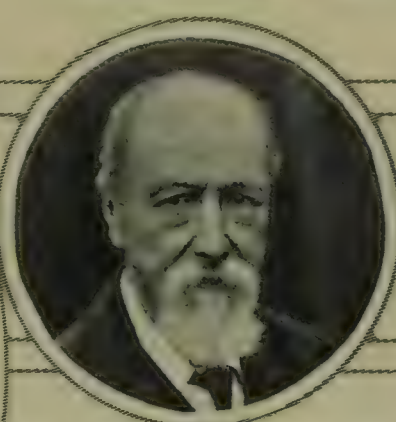
One might ask, after the querulous fashion of those who love to draw comparisons between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots," why should one moth have so much tongue, and another none at all. Why should one moth have so much feasting, and another be doomed to perpetual starvation? Why indeed!

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., THE "TIMES" RUSSELL, VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND I.B.



JOSEPH CONRAD AS EPSTEIN SAW HIM: A BUST IN THE TATE GALLERY.



BRITAIN'S FINEST CHESS MASTER: THE LATE MR. J. H. BLACKBURNE.



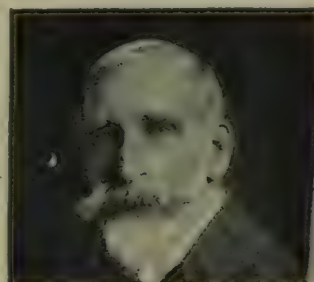
APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND: SIR C. FERGUSSON.



A NOTABLE AMERICAN GIFT TO SANDHURST: A BUST OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.



AN EMINENT JOURNALIST: THE LATE MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM.



A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER: THE LATE MR. FRANCIS BARRAUD.



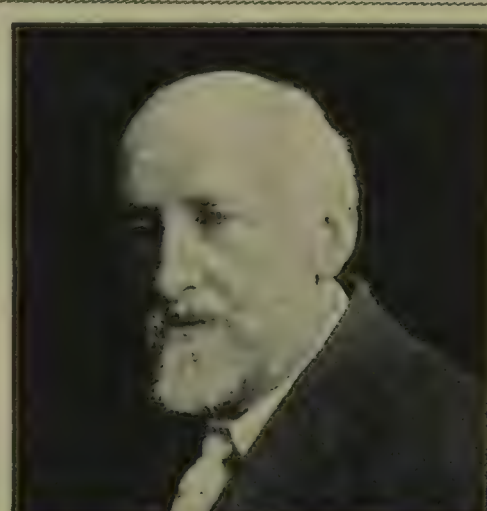
FOUR AMBASSADORS LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE LONDON AGREEMENT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT) MR. KELLOGG (UNITED STATES), MARQUIS DELLA TORRETTA (ITALY), GENERAL NORTON DE MATTOS (PORTUGAL), AND BARON HAYASHI (JAPAN).



THE NEW GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF CEYLON: SIR HUGH CLIFFORD.



A POPULAR CLERIC DEAD IN HIS PRIME: THE LATE VERY REV. J. G. MCCORMICK, DEAN OF MANCHESTER.



A GREAT PHYSIOLOGIST AND PHILOSOPHER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MADDOCK BAYLISS.

Mr. Jacob Epstein's bust of the late Mr. Joseph Conrad, the famous novelist, was recently placed on view at the Tate Gallery.—Mr. James Henry Blackburne has been described as "the finest chess-player this country has ever produced." He was born near Manchester in 1841.—Among those who signed the London Agreement on August 30 were the Marquis della Torretta, General Norton de Mattos, and Baron Hayashi. Mr. Kellogg was present as an observer.—General Sir Charles Fergusson, Bt., has been appointed Governor-General of New Zealand to succeed Sir John Jellicoe.—A bust of General Robert E. Lee has been presented to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, by the United

Daughters of the Confederacy.—Mr. H. W. Massingham, the well-known Liberal writer and politician, died suddenly on August 28 while on a holiday at Tintagel. He edited the "Nation" from 1907 to 1923, when he joined the "New Statesman."—Mr. Francis Barraud painted the well-known picture, "His Master's Voice," acquired by the Gramophone Company.—Sir Hugh Clifford has been Governor of Nigeria since 1919.—Dean McCormick, who was only fifty, was immensely popular in Manchester. He was formerly Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square.—Sir William Bayliss was Professor of General Physiology in the University of London, and the greatest contemporary authority on his subject.

THE FATE OF A HEROINE: THE MURDER OF

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED



WHERE MRS. EVANS STARTED ON HER FATEFUL DRIVE: VEHICLES OUTSIDE HER MEXICAN HACIENDA (FARM), WHICH SHE HELD FOR YEARS AGAINST THREATS AND VIOLENCE.



WITH FOUR MEN SAID TO HAVE BEEN CHARGED WITH THE MURDER, THREE (OUT OF FIVE) BEING CONVICTED: THE CHIEF OF POLICE (CENTRE) OF PUEBLA



TAKEN BY THE ASSASSINS FROM THE BUGGY IN WHICH MRS. EVANS WAS DRIVING WHEN SHOT: A PILE OF ARMS AND OTHER ARTICLES.



"AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN, WITH WHITE HAIR . . . ADVANCING IN YEARS, BUT VERY STRONG": THE LATE MRS. ROSALIE EVANS, WHO WAS MURDERED.



SERIOUSLY WOUNDED IN THE ATTACK ON MRS. EVANS: MR. STRAUS, THE GERMAN MANAGER OF HER ESTATE, IN BED AFTER THE AFFRAY.

Three of the men arrested for the murder of Mrs. Rosalie Evans, shot dead while driving home to her ranch (*hacienda*) in Mexico on August 2, were convicted on August 16. A Reuter message from Mexico City stated: "The crime is punishable with death in Mexico. The names of those found guilty retain her property (threatened under an infamous system of expropriation) in the face of intimidation and violence is well known, and her death has raised important questions of international rights and the protection of British subjects abroad. Mrs. Evans, who was the daughter of an American father and a French West Indian mother, became a British subject by her marriage with an Englishman, the late Mr. H. E. R. Evans, at one time President of the Bank of London in Mexico, who was killed in the war. Mr. H. A. C. Cummins, formerly British Diplomatic Agent in Mexico City, whose efforts on her behalf brought him into disfavour with the Mexican Government and led to

MRS. EVANS—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MEXICO.

BY CENTRAL PRESS.



EXAMINING THE BUGGY IN WHICH MRS. EVANS WAS DRIVING HOME WHEN SHE WAS ATTACKED AND SHOT DEAD BY MEXICAN ASSASSINS: A GROUP OF DETECTIVES ENGAGED ON THE CASE.



SHOWING SOME OF THE MURDERED WOMAN'S HAIR THAT BECAME ENTANGLED IN THE HUB AND SPOKES AS SHE FELL OUT WHEN SHOT: A WHEEL OF THE BUGGY IN WHICH MRS. EVANS WAS DRIVING.

his recall, said of her on his return: "The last I saw of Mrs. Evans was when she was on the roof of her house fighting against the aggressors. She is an extraordinary woman with white hair. She is advancing in years, but she is very strong; she rides well and shoots excellently. She says (to the Mexicans): 'You can kill me if you like, but you shall not rob me of my farm.'" Writing in the "Times" of August 29, a correspondent said: "Mrs. Evans was no modern Amazon. She was a pale, fragile-looking woman with hair prematurely white. To meet her in a drawing-room, one would hardly have suspected that tremendous courage and tenacity. . . . The end of it all was that she was shot from behind and killed with an explosive bullet. . . . The tragedy of Mrs. Evans's death has evoked the question from every lip: What will be done by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain?" On September 1 General Obregon, in his final message as President of Mexico, attacked the British Government and Mr. Cummins.

MINDING THE CHILDREN, AT WEMBLEY: THE DAY NURSERY, WHERE YOUNGSTERS MAY BE "LEFT TILL CALLED FOR."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION: THE OPEN-AIR CRÈCHE AT WEMBLEY, WHERE CHILDREN MAY BE LEFT IN CHARGE OF TRAINED NURSES AND V.A.D.'S WHILE THEIR MOTHERS ARE SEEING THE SIGHTS OF THE EXHIBITION.

The day nursery at Wembley, near the North entrance, is a very popular institution, and has been visited by the Queen. These children of all ages up to eight may be left for the whole day, while their mothers enjoy the sights of the Exhibition. The little ones are in the safe and kind hands of trained nurses and V.A.D. assistants, while a kindergarten teacher organises games and keeps the peace among the elder ones. There is a rest room with cots for the babies, a nursery full of toys for small people able to run about, and a large verandah and garden for play in the open air. Each child on entering is

checked, and the mother on returning has only to present her "check" in order to reclaim her "property." The small charge of a shilling per child is made for a stay of four hours, or sixpence if the parent has a pass issued by a local Welfare Centre. More than a hundred children can be accommodated in the Day Nursery at the same time. It is a great boon both to children, who might be bored with "exhibits," and still more to mothers, who are free to enjoy themselves with their minds at ease. Photographs of it appeared in our special Wembley Number of July 19.

THE ARMY TO-DAY AND 100 YEARS AGO: WEMBLEY AND ALDERSHOT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "DAILY MAIL," I.B., TOPICAL, AND C.N.



SHOWING THE BUILDING BOMBED IN A SUBSEQUENT "AIR RAID": THE MASSED BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS GIVING A TORCHLIGHT DISPLAY, UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT, AT THE OPENING OF THE MILITARY TATTOO IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.



IN UNIFORMS OF THE WATERLOO PERIOD: A REHEARSAL OF "CHANGING THE COLOURS" AT THE CATERHAM DEPOT, FOR THE MILITARY TATTOO IN THE WEMBLEY STADIUM.



INCLUDING A "SERPENT" AND A "JINGLING JOHNNY": THE BAND AT THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD AS DONE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE 100 YEARS AGO.



THE BRITISH ARMY OF TO-DAY: A "BATTLE" ON THE FOX HILLS NEAR ALDERSHOT DURING ARMY EXERCISES, TO PRACTISE CO-OPERATION BETWEEN CAVALRY, HORSE ARTILLERY, AND TANKS IN A RAPIDLY ORGANISED FLANK ATTACK ON AN ADVANCING "ENEMY"—CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY MOVING OFF.

The first performance of the Searchlight and Torchlight Tattoo, by British troops, in the Stadium at Wembley, was given with great success on the evening of September 1, in the presence of 50,000 spectators. It proved to be a picturesque and thrilling spectacle. Among the incidents are the ceremonies of Changing Colours and Changing the Guard, as performed a hundred years ago, in uniforms of the period. The instruments played by the band seen in the right-hand middle photograph include a "serpent" (an old wind instrument, not of brass) shown in the centre foreground, and in the background a curious instrument on a pole, known as a "Jingling Johnny." The old uniforms in these illustrations

make an interesting contrast with that below, taken during the recent Army Exercises near Aldershot. The particular operation illustrated is one that took place on the Fox Hills on August 26, in the presence of Lord Cavan, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. One of the objects was to practise co-operation between cavalry and tanks, aided by horse artillery, in a quickly organised attack. This combination of forces was used by a "Red" army to attack the flank of a "Blue" army advancing. The operations were directed by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Philip Chetwode, Commanding-in-Chief at Aldershot, and were watched by a large gathering of military spectators.

A MOTOR-BUS HOLOCAUST; AND THE SOVIET'S ARCH-ENEMY ON TRIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



AFTER THE TERRIBLE FIRE IN A NUNEATON MOTOR-BUS, IN WHICH SEVEN PEOPLE WERE BURNT TO DEATH AS IN A FURNACE: THE REMAINS OF THE CHARRED VEHICLE.



WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED AS THE DRIVER WAS POURING FRESH PETROL INTO THE TANK: DÉBRIS IN THE FRONT PART OF THE BURNT-OUT MOTOR-BUS.



CONDEMNED TO DEATH, BUT AFTERWARDS REPRIEVED AND SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS' SOLITARY CONFINEMENT: BORIS SAVINKOFF (LEFT) THE CHIEF RUSSIAN ANTI-BOLSHEVIST, SPEAKING IN HIS OWN DEFENCE—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A SOVIET MILITARY TRIBUNAL.

The terrible motor-bus fire near Nuneaton (similar to one that occurred recently in Holland) suggests a new danger to the travelling public and the need for overhauling the design of such vehicles, especially in the matter of exits. The omnibus was on its way from Nuneaton to Stockingford, late on the night of August 30, when the petrol gave out, and the driver stopped and asked a passenger at the back to pass him the spare tin. As the driver was pouring the petrol into the tank underneath his seat, a flame leaped up, and in a few moments the interior of the bus became a roaring furnace, fanned by a wind from in front. The driver rushed round to the emergency door at the back, but owing to the crush of passengers it became jammed and had to be burst open. Within about five minutes seven people were burnt to death, and several others badly injured.

Some were dragged out by rescuers through broken windows.—The trial of Boris Savinkoff before the Supreme Military Court in Moscow on August 27, behind closed doors and in the presence of the highest Soviet officials, made a great sensation in Russia. He was condemned to death, but later the All-Russian Central Executive Committee commuted the sentence to ten years' solitary confinement, stating that, in view of his declaration that he now considered opposition to the Soviet to be a crime, revenge was not considered expedient. Savinkoff recalled that he was an old Terrorist, and before the Revolution made ten attempts to assassinate the Tsar. He became Minister of War under Kerensky, but violently opposed the Bolsheviks, organised risings against them, and, it is said, admitted having plotted to kill Lenin, Trotsky, and Chicherin.

BRITAIN v. U.S.A. AT POLO: THE CUP TEAMS AT MEADOWBROOK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROUGH AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A BRILLIANT MEMBER OF THE BRITISH TEAM FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCHES AT MEADOWBROOK: MAJOR F. B. HURNDALL (NO. 2).



NAMED AS NO. 3 IN THE REORGANISED BRITISH TEAM FOR THE FIRST CUP MATCH: MAJOR E. G. ATKINSON.



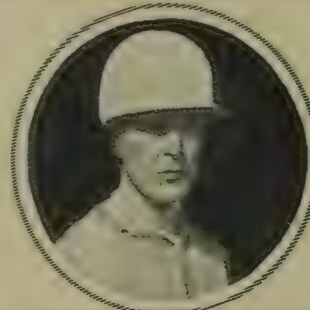
NO. 1 IN THE U.S. TEAM:
MR. J. WATSON WEBB.



THE U.S. CAPTAIN: MR.
DEVEREUX MILBURN (BACK).



RECENTLY INJURED BUT AFTERWARDS REAPPOINTED CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH TEAM:
MR. L. L. LACEY.



NO. 3 IN THE U.S. TEAM:
MR. MALCOLM STEVENSON.



NO. 2 IN THE U.S. TEAM:
MR. THOMAS HITCHCOCK.



CHOSEN TO DEPUTISE IN TRIAL GAMES FOR MR. LACEY, WHO DID NOT WISH TO RISK
HIS SHOULDER: MAJOR LOCKETT.



THE OLDEST PLAYER IN THE HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL
MATCHES: COL. MELVILL (AGED 47), BRITAIN'S NO. 1.

The first of the three International Polo Cup matches between Great Britain and the United States, to be played this season in America, was fixed for Saturday, September 6, at Meadowbrook, Long Island. The U.S. team, considered the best side ever got together, and exceptionally well mounted, consisted of Messrs. J. Watson Webb, No. 1; Thomas Hitchcock, No. 2; Malcolm Stevenson, No. 3; and Devereux Milburn (Captain), Back. The three reserves chosen were Messrs. Eric Pedley, Earl Hopping, and Robert Strawbridge. The composition of the British team was for some time doubtful, owing to the fact that Mr. Lacey, whose inclusion was considered a necessary factor for success, had sprained his shoulder recently in colliding with Major Kirkwood, and it was uncertain whether he could

play. On September 1 it was stated that Mr. Lacey had been reappointed Captain, in place of Major Hurndall, and the team reorganised as follows: No. 1, Col. Melvill; No. 2, Major Hurndall; No. 3, Major Atkinson; Back, Mr. Lacey. Major Lockett was chosen to deputise for Mr. Lacey in trial games. The inclusion of Col. Melvill, who is forty-seven and thus achieves a long-cherished ambition, is notable, as he is the oldest player who has ever taken part in an international match. The British team are staying at Port Washington, in Mr. Julius Fleischmann's seaside villa, where he has provided them with eighteen practice ponies, three motor-cars, and a large staff of servants. Mr. Henry Ford also sent three new Lincoln cars for their use.

PARENTS OF TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW: A NEW DISCOVERY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MR. F. G. NEWTON, JOINT DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION SOCIETY'S EXPEDITION TO TELL EL-AMARNA.



OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: AN EGYPTIAN STELA OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C., WITH FIGURES OF AMENHOTEP III. AND QUEEN TALA—RECENTLY FOUND AT TELL EL-AMARNA AND EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

This remarkable example of ancient Egyptian art, produced over 3000 years ago, might be regarded as one of Tutankhamen's "family portraits." The figures are those of King Amenhotep III. and his Queen, Taia, the parents of the Heretic Pharaoh, Ahkenaten, who introduced a new religion and removed his capital from Thebes to Tell el-Amarna, where he built a new city. Ahkenaten was succeeded by his son-in-law, the now world-famous Tutankhamen, who reverted to the ancient creed. Tell el-Amarna, where Egyptian art broke away from the old formalism and reached perhaps its highest excellence, was deserted, and its ruins

have provided a rich field for the modern archæologist. The stela here shown was among the many interesting discoveries made during the latest excavations conducted on that site by the Egypt Exploration Society, and since exhibited in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House. A number of other objects found, together with some unique cattle-houses and mangers, were illustrated in our issue of July 12 last, with a descriptive article by Mr. F. G. Newton, a joint-director of the expedition, by whose courtesy we are enabled to give the above photograph.



57

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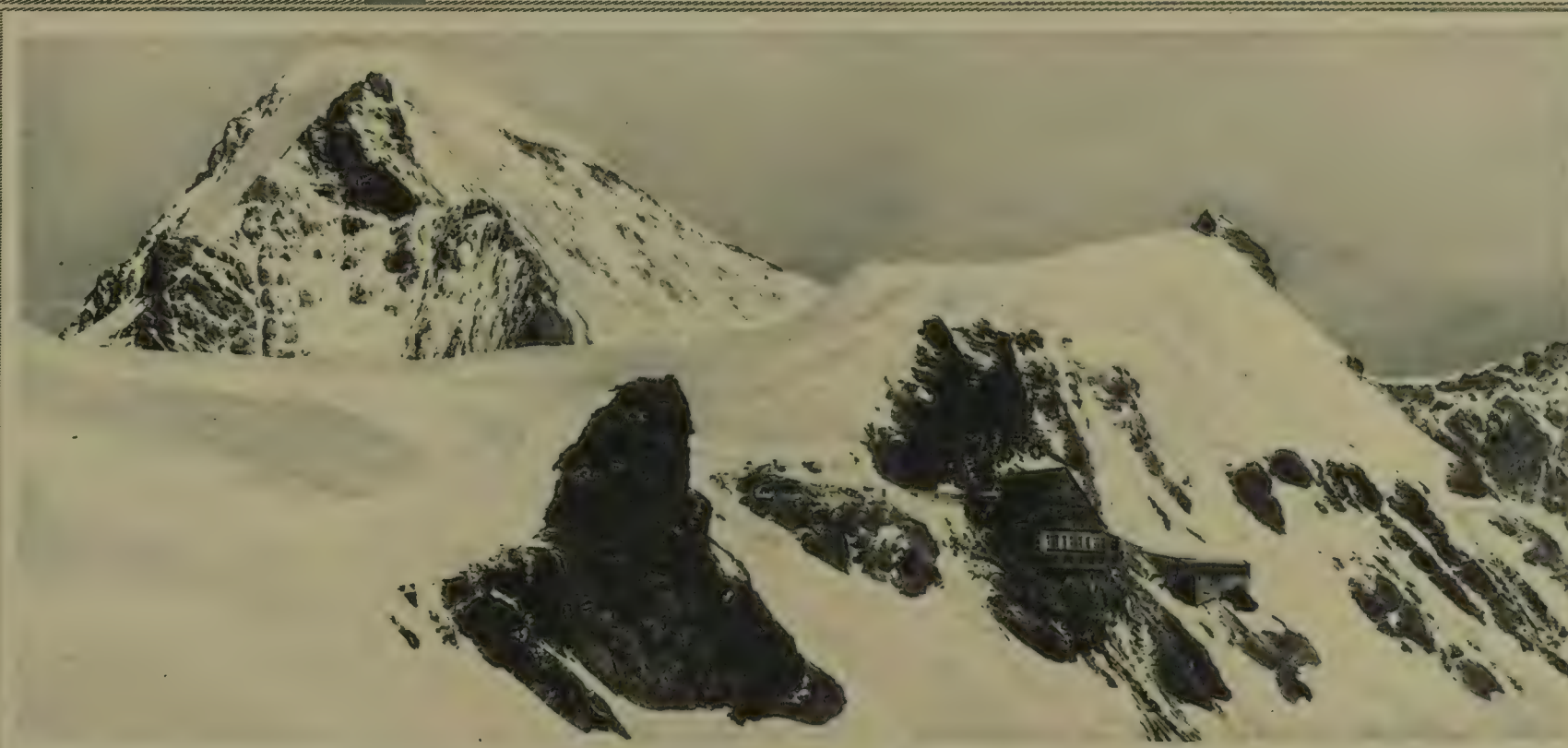
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
57 Varieties

ASTRONOMERS LIKE ARCTIC EXPLORERS: A MARS VIGIL AT 11,700 FEET.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE BERNESE OBERLAND PUBLICITY OFFICE, INTERLAKEN.



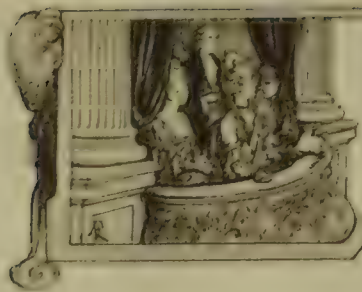
WRAPPED IN GREENLAND FURS TO WITHSTAND THE INTENSE ALPINE COLD DURING WHOLE-NIGHT WATCHES: PROFESSOR SCHAER (LEFT) AND PROFESSOR DE QUERVAIN WAITING TO STUDY MARS IN THE OPEN-AIR OBSERVATORY 11,700 FT. UP ON THE JUNGFRAU JOCH, WITH TWO GIANT TELESCOPES.



INCLUDING THE OBSERVATORY (CLAIMED TO BE THE HIGHEST IN THE WORLD) THE INTERIOR OF WHICH IS SHOWN ABOVE: THE HOTEL BERGHAUS ON THE JUNGFRAU JOCH, BUILT INTO THE ROCKS OF THE SPHINX MOUNTAIN—SHOWING IN THE BACKGROUND THE MÖNCH (13,000 FT.).

Professor Schaer, of Geneva, and Professor de Quervain, of Zurich, who has had experience of Greenland exploration, looked more like Arctic explorers than astronomers while waiting to observe Mars from the Jungfrau Joch Observatory, which, built in 1922 at an altitude of 11,721 ft., claims to be the highest in the world. Mr. G. Ward Price, who was also there, writing on August 23, says: "Last night, when Mars was closer to the earth than at any time during a century (being only 34,000,000 miles away), was one to which Professor Schaer had looked forward through his entire career as an astronomer. . . . Of the

three nights since I joined Professor Schaer at his observatory, the first was the only one in which he caught a glimpse of Mars. During the last two the air has been filled by a wild blizzard. . . . Here are the two great telescopes which Professor Schaer tends like twin babies. Each has a small petrol engine to keep it moving along the right ascension of the star. . . . Laid out by them are records of all former Mars observations, so that the least new feature may be at once recognised. But the long night has passed, and Mars has marched across the sky at the closest range of the century completely hidden."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



"THE CURSE OF ADAM."

IN the masterly preface to his masterpiece, "Saint Joan," "G.B.S." says—

"To a professional critic, theatre-going is like the curse of Adam. The play is the evil he is paid to endure in the sweat of his brow; and the sooner it is over the better."

It sounds like an accusation and it implies a confession. The latter is nobody's business but Mr. Shaw's; but it is astonishing. When you take from your shelves those illuminating volumes of dramatic criticism which he contributed to the *Saturday Review*—a standard work that will, in future times, be quoted as Hazlitt still is nowadays—you can hardly believe that playgoing was to him "the curse of Adam." Through their pages wafts the breeze of enthusiasm and the vigour of the iconoclast. Nor, I remember, did Shaw ever display lassitude when, night after night, he sat in the theatre full of animation, strenuously stroking his then still flaxen beard, to betoken interest or anger—a remarkable, arresting figure. And in the *entr'acte* it was a feast and, as one of the younger generation said, "a liberal education" to watch him discoursing vividly, incisively, surrounded by those who already revered him as disciples revere a master. He was the defender of the new idea, whether it came from France or Russia or Scandinavia; he was the one who respected neither tradition nor trade-mark. He was fearless, he was unsparing—read how he dismantled Sarah Bernhardt, and said things which no one in an atmosphere of incense and adulation dared utter. And to think that all this could be but "window-dressing"; that within he felt accursed and enduring because he was paid!

Frankly, I cannot, I will not, believe it. His dictum is but another Shavian tilt at his ex-colleagues who did not see eye-to-eye with him in "Methuselah" and "Saint Joan." For Mr. Shaw will remember that, at any rate in his day, the leading critics loved their work, and, if there were a few who displayed boredom, it was either a pose or the attitude of those whose opinion did not matter. For twenty years ago some papers employed as critics journalists who looked upon reviews of plays as side-issues—their principal occupation being reporting and Parliamentary work. On the other hand, to some of the leading lights the theatre was as dear as life itself. Clement Scott, who, as it were, died in harness—stricken on the stairs of the Garrick Theatre beyond recovery—thought of a "vacant date" what Titus said: "diem perdidit"; to fill in an evening, he saw plays twice and thrice, and as long as he was at the *Daily Telegraph* his joy was to fill column after column in vertiginous rapidity—a feat unexampled in the journalistic world. Joseph Knight, kindest of critics, and the one of the older school who was counsel for the defence when brickbats fell on Ibsen, was such an enthusiast that often during the play he burst out in loud remarks, to the astonishment (and sometimes the discomfort) of his neighbours. Moy Thomas in his seventies told me that the one reason that caused him to fear old age was the possibility that he would no longer be able to go to the theatre. As for the younger generation, we were simply bursting with love of our labour. To us the theatre was an arena; we all knew one another, and we formed an informal debating club in

the entrance-hall, where act by act the merits of a play were hotly discussed.

Times have changed, and at present there are no very violent questions in the World of the Theatre—no Ibsen has arisen to threaten the order of things. Consequently, there is more quietude in the atmo-



"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" FILMED AT THE LONDON PAVILION: THE DUC DE CHARTRES (RUDOLPH VALENTINO), MASQUERADING IN ENGLAND AS BEAUCAIRE, ENTERTAINS THE COURT WITH A SONG.

sphere. But this does not imply that the present-day critics—multiplied in numbers, yet more sundered in personal relations—are less keenly interested in their work. Our seniors are still steadfast at their posts—indeed, I feel sure that Mr. Archer would longingly return to the fold if, in his great sense of

that criticism and play-writing should be sundered. In his heart of hearts he remains a critic, and to many his silence adds to the dullness of the Sunday. It would not be becoming on my part to speak of the activities of my present colleagues, but of this I am certain, and you can read it between the lines of their work: not one of those who are allowed a free hand—and they are the majority—is glad that "the sooner it is over the better," except when we are most honourably bored, which privilege the critic shares with all playgoers. Nor do I believe that they consider the play is the "evil he is paid to endure"; for (let us be candid) the pay of the average critic is not a great lure—if he did not love the work he could easily apply his gifts in other directions for a far more substantial remuneration.

As one who has been a critic for forty-two years, and still goes to the theatre with "the heart of a child, the courage of a lion, and his soul full of hope," I have never looked upon my office as a burden. True, like every normal being, I have in summer time grumbled on glorious evenings at the call of duty, and many a wild winter night would I have preferred the nook in the study to the irksome journey to and from the playhouse. But these are only phases: as soon as I step into the portals, I feel as if the world without did not matter; and I watch the curtain's rise with the same eagerness of expectation that, in my 'teens, prefaced a theatre evening—a great excitement in those days, not an everyday occurrence—by a sleepless night. To me, the theatre is not merely an everlasting joy; it is a kind of 'varsity—a school where I learn, learn, learn, even from things that are bad. It is a constant rejuvenator, for it impels me to exercise my brain, not by mere reporting, but by stimulating my readers in such reflections as I may gather and impart from the play, its production and its interpretation. In the theatre I feel that

my whole being is in motion; that my mind is open, that I am ready for response—be it to laugh or to feel. For, thank goodness, I don't know what it is to be *blasé*, that incurable illness of the age; and nothing annoys me more than when, in the pauses or at the end of a play, boiled-shirted idiots and languid women, tired by the season's exertions, utter meaningless adjectives, in the same unemotional mechanical way as the shopkeeper says "Nice day to-day." I once said in public that those who go to the theatre in the spirit of the pack-horse had better remain at home. That is my motto. To consider the play as a function, a fashion, or a social duty (as people do when Sacha Guitry comes over, of whom they do not understand a word) is to deserve Mr. Shaw's censure, with the difference that the playgoer pays instead of being paid.

But, on the whole, I think that his estimation of the critics is not very far from injustice, and endorse in the main the words my colleague, Mr. Archibald Haddon, the Broadcasting critic, who by 2LO sends forth the following Oyez!—

"Thank you, Mr. Shaw! I am not, of course, entitled to speak for the body of the critics, but I know them all personally, and I know them all for true lovers of the theatre. If they were not, would they fore-

gather regularly to discuss the Drama, or run a periodical at their own expense to ventilate stage grievances, or provide a Critics' Shield for the encouragement of schools of acting, or [and here I dissent.—J. T. G.] devote more space to plays by Mr. Shaw than some uninterested readers imagine they deserve?



A VERSAILLES SCENE IN THE FILM OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," PRODUCED AT THE LONDON PAVILION: MME. DE POMPADOUR PROMPTS LOUIS XV. TO ANNOUNCE HIS WISH THAT THE DUC DE CHARTRES (STANDING IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND) SHALL MARRY PRINCESS HENRIETTE.

A film version of Mr. Booth Tarkington's famous novel and play, "Monsieur Beaucaire," was announced for production at the London Pavilion on September 3, by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The cast includes Mr. Rudolph Valentino in the title part, Miss Bébé Daniels, Miss Doris Kenyon, Miss Lois Wilson, and Mr. Lowell Sherman.

equity, he had not elected to avoid the suspicion of rivalry now that he is a successful playwright. Among the younger, Mr. Sydney Carroll is in the same position. He has become a dramatist. One or two of his plays will be seeing the light anon—and considers

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN



A graceful wrap in nigger, embroidered with silver and trimmed with mouflon. The enormous cuffs are an amusing feature. It may be studied at Dickins and Jones's. (See page 456.)

THE QUEEN has a great liking for Lord and Lady Elphinstone, who are of the homely and what are called by the up-to-date and go-ahead the back-number order of our society. There is virtue in back numbers, and her Majesty knows it, as do all sensible people. A good back number is far better reading than an indifferent present one. A family who look upon life as a responsible affair are infinitely more interesting than one whose sole idea is to pass lightly and pleasantly through it. Lord and Lady Elphinstone have two sons—one in his eleventh year—and two daughters, and they are being brought up to face the responsibilities of their young lives together with their pleasures. The family is a very old one, the Barony dating from 1509. The first Lord Elphinstone fell at Flodden Field. Carberry Towers is a very interesting place and near Edinburgh, which place the Queen loves, being very beautiful and full of dramatic historical interest. One Lord Elphinstone was Governor of Bombay and of Madras during the Indian Mutiny, and was made a Baron of the United Kingdom. At his death the United Kingdom Barony became extinct, and the Scottish one devolved upon a kinsman. That of the United Kingdom was re-created by Queen Victoria for the father of the present Peer, who was three times Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty.

The Queen is now with the King at Balmoral and enjoying the beauty and quiet of Dee-side. The Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury are at Abergeldie Castle, not far from Balmoral, with members of their family. Lord Shaftesbury is her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain, and Lady Shaftesbury her Lady-in-Waiting. They are not on duty now, but the King has lent them Abergeldie for a holiday. The Duke and Duchess of York will be at Balmoral; also Prince Henry and Prince George; while, before their Majesties come south, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles are expected to make a visit there. The new grandson is said to be a fine baby, and Yorkshire is very proud that he is a Yorkshire boy. Lord Lascelles's only brother, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, whose wife is a daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and a favourite

niece of Earl Balfour, has no family, so the two fine boys are keenly appreciated,

and it was very diplomatic of the younger to make his début on this planet on the birthday of his grandfather the Earl of Harewood.

Viscount Lascelles is said to be very keen to take Princess Mary over to Portumna Castle, County Galway, and her Royal Highness, who always has had a warm corner in her heart for the Irish people, is equally keen to go. At present, however, the state of things in Ireland is very obscure to the British public, save the Northern Province, where all is well if left well. Newspapers on the other side of the Channel write very differently of the Free State from how people find it, and the general impression is that the would-be Republicans are more powerful than the so-called Government. At present, therefore, the King's daughter is unlikely to visit Galway, always a storm centre, and a centre of wonderful natural beauty and excellent sport.

The Duchess of Sutherland could not tear herself away from the joys of yachting with Earl and Countess Beatty in Near Eastern seas in time to be with the Duke when he attended the seventh centenary service in Dornoch Cathedral, or when he opened the fair held later in the town, when the stall-holders wore costumes connected with the seven hundred years of Dornoch's history. As the weather was very unsettled, the great marquee lent by Mrs. Carnegie of Skibbo Castle was a wonderful help. The good ladies of Dornoch looked very well in their picturesque dresses. The fair was the revival of an old one called Barrs. It has been stated that Saint Finn Barr was in some way connected with Dornoch. He is, of course, a well-known saint in the South of Ireland, the Cork cathedral being called after him. In Scotland and in the Established Church of Scotland, to which Dornoch Cathedral belongs, little store is set by saints of old, so the fair was simply called Barrs. The Duchess of Sutherland will not be back in time to open the bazaar in the schools at Brora for funds to pay for the reconstruction of the golf course on the 10th. The Marchioness of Londonderry will take her place on the first day, and on the second the Marchioness of Titchfield will reopen it instead of the

Duchess of Portland, who, in accordance with doctor's orders, is fulfilling no public engagements at present. The Duchess was one of the house-party at Carberry Towers to meet the Queen, and has since come north to Longwell, which is a place she loves and is quiet and bracing. The situation, looking over the Pentland Firth one way and the fine Caithness and Sutherland Hills the other, is very beautiful.

Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, the second son of the house, is very tall and good-looking, and is a brilliant pianist and an enthusiastic music-lover. He is also a good sportsman, and is in the Notts Yeomanry. He is about twenty-four. The Duchess of Portland is Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Titchfield, was one of her Majesty's Maids-of-Honour. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria attended her wedding, which took place at Welbeck Abbey, and stayed the night there. Lord and Lady Titchfield have two little girls, who are great joys to them.

Sir James Craig is said to have made most marked improvement in health since he started on his sea voyage. He is accompanied by his twin sons, in their nineteenth year, and by Lady Craig and their daughter, nearly seventeen. Sir James's health is a matter of extreme importance at the present juncture, when a strong man is needed to deal with a question meaning a great deal to the Empire—far more than most people seem to think. Happily, it is one which Sir James and all Ulster will not allow to be unsettled except to be arranged, and the latter is, of course, the ideal thing.

Up in the north the Covent Garden porters' strike caused inconvenience. It is not a good fruit country, and vegetables are none too plentiful for people taking ordinary houses. Great houses and good shooting lodges have their own gardens, and their proprietors are proving the best of good neighbours to less well-off people, and sending them vegetables and sometimes fruit, so that the strike may cause less trouble. No produce is coming up on the trains to speak of.

To powder white hair with green or purple powder seems like painting the lily, for white hair is a beautiful thing of itself. At Deauville, said to be the super-dictator of fashion, this practice is recommended, but no one, so far, seems to have seen it carried out. Wigs of glaring colours were tried, but British women found them wanting in anything like enough becomingness to make up for loss of dignity and discomfort. A. E. L.



Three charming interpretations of the new mode from Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street; W: Russet home-spun woven with contrasting stripes makes the useful coat on the left, and homespun trimmed with fur that on the right. In the centre is one of the new models in broadtail cloth, trimmed with cross fox. (See page 456.)

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Trocadero

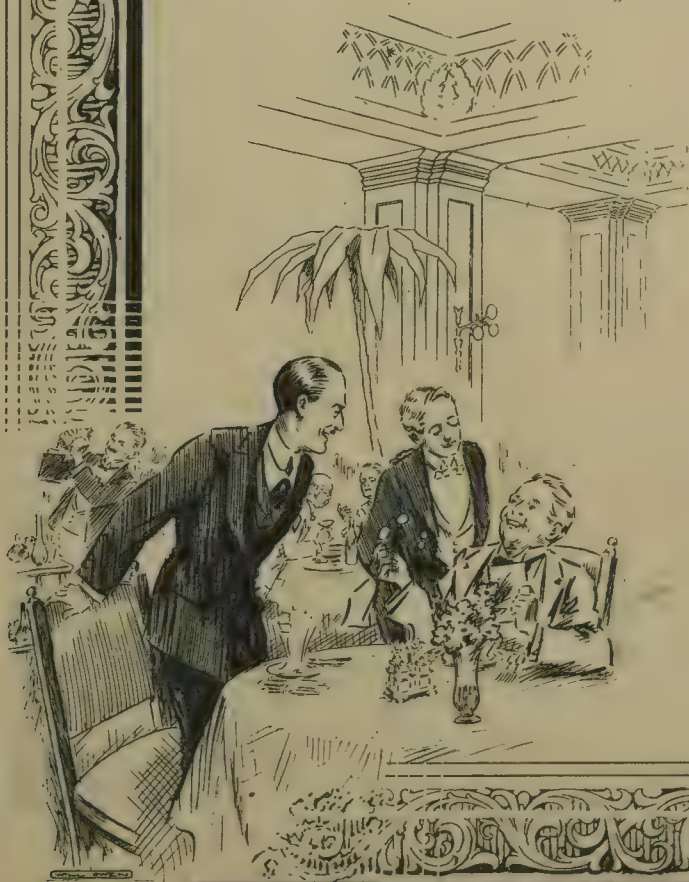
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The Cult of Beauty.

One may be born with a talent for drawing or a gift for music, but everyone will agree that to develop either, great care and never-failing attention is inevitable. And so with beauty. Every woman inherits the right to good health, a flawless complexion, and a graceful carriage—surely all-important factors of beauty—but Nature leaves her to appreciate these gifts as she will. Their fate depends entirely on the care with which they are treated. Good health is, of course, the essential foundation on which to work. It is by no means necessary to take quantities of medicine, or to follow an elaborate régime. A glass of fresh water before rising, and a little fruit, is an excellent beginning to the day. Then a few moments devoted to physical exercises keep the muscles in good condition and help to attain a perfect carriage. In the daily bath, if the water is hard, a softening lotion or fragrant bath salts will help to keep the skin delightfully smooth and soft. Regarding the temperature of the water, a moderate warmth is the wisest course. Water too hot or too cold is liable to bring roughness and red patches to the complexion, a lamentably common state of affairs in these strenuous days.

Regarding the Complexion. Since the days of Cleopatra, skin tonics, face creams, and cosmetics of every kind have been used for improving the complexion. While agreeing with the stern critic that too much ruins Nature's handiwork, it is equally obvious that the

skin must be carefully tended. A good skin tonic to tone up the tissues and prevent wrinkles is essential, and dry skins should be moistened with the aid of a special face cream. In cases where the skin needs nourishing and the contours restored, a good skin food massaged gently into the face each night is a wonderful remedy. Then there are effective cures for every sort of facial blemish, great and small. As for the rest, a delicate powder exactly the right shade, and a touch of lip salve, complete a very attractive picture.



Beauty and health walk hand in hand, and a little fruit and fresh water each morning are a simple method of achievement.



A perfect complexion is the reward of every woman who helps Nature to the best of her ability.



Beauty finds expression in lovely hands, which must be tended as carefully as the lilies they resemble.

The Care of the Hands.

Well-kept hands are, of course, essential to every fastidious woman. It is not always realised that the hands are greatly influenced by the general health. Firm hands free from any suspicion of "clamminess" and disfiguring blemishes are a sign that the health is good; but even these require careful attention. The many busy women who constantly use their hands should massage them each night with a softening cream which will whiten and beautify at the same time. Manicure is an art in itself, and for a very small amount complete

Homespun for Scotland.

Designed for both country and town wear are the new tailored tweed coats, of which two models from Dickins and Jones are pictured on page 454. The one on the left is carried out in burnt russet homespun, woven with contrasting stripes. It is lined throughout with crêpe-de-Chine, and can be obtained for 11½ guineas. On the right is one of the many distinctive homespun coats bordered with fur, which are suitable for really every occasion. They are obtainable trimmed with American opossum for 9½ guineas, or for 7½ guineas, without the fur.



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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW

CUP OF SILENCE: A ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS. By ARTHUR J. REES. (John Lane: The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a strong and well-written story (first published serially in the *Westminster Gazette*) concerning the fortunes of an old Sussex family, believed to be dying out when all the sons of the eleventh Baron Hilmerceux fell in the war. A new heir, however, arrives "out of the blue," and the plot is woven round his romantic experiences in an unexpected position. He moves in the shadow of a tragedy that happened forty years before, leaving a legacy of sinister results. As the tale unfolds, there is a growing sense of mystery and of some dark secret in the background. Strange noises are heard in the old mansion at night, and strange lights appear in another house, lonely and long-forsaken, in a remote corner of the estate. There is a charming heroine, who provides the love interest; and the characters of the widowed Lady Hilmerceux, her taciturn steward, and the family lawyer, as well as that of the young peer himself, are admirably drawn. But the chief fascination of the book is the author's command of local colour, and his intimate feeling for "the inviolateness of the downs around Cissbury and Chanctonbury, which as yet remain the 'cup of silence' of the story." The great fog scene is an excellent piece of dramatic description.

THE GIVEN HEART. By C. A. NICHOLSON. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Though several hearts are "given" (to others) in the course of this story, that is not the meaning of the word in the title, for Given happens to be a surname. In some respects the book has affinities with the one just noticed, for it is a tale of country life and concerned with relations between a titled family and yeoman neighbours, but it is told in a different, breezier vein, and, while tragic events happen, they happen openly in the course of the narrative, and not as gradually revealed secrets. The locality is indicated, perhaps, by a prefatory quotation from a poem called "A Gloucestershire Lad," and by incidental references to distant views of the Welsh hills; but the names of places, such as the cathedral city of Gloucester, are obviously fictitious. For many generations the Givens had farmed their own land on the hillside, while on the plain below dwelt a family with whom their past had been entangled; but the two houses, at the time the story opens, were at enmity over questions of land

ownership. The tale tells how love of the land conflicted with individual love, and how in the end the greater love won.

THE MARRIAGE-CRAFT. By D. H. S. NICHOLSON. (R. Cobden-Sanderson; 6s. net.)

Here, again, is a certain ambiguity in the title, for the word "craft" is not used in the sense of art or cunning, but in the literal, concrete meaning, as a kind of boat. The titles of books and plays seem to run in cycles and follow fashions. Not long ago there was noticed in this column a book called "The Barge of Haunted Lives," in which a set of characters brought together in a barge on an American river each contributed their quota to a story. The present book has a similar framework for a very different purpose. Two young men, interested in the sex problem and the ethics and politics of marriage, arrange a party of nine people to go on a week's holiday cruise in a canal barge, and discuss the question frankly from all points of view. The scene is the Grand Junction Canal from Rickmanworth to Warwick. The company comprises three married couples, two bachelors (one being a celibate parson, who is also a Co-Mason), and one unconventional spinster. The discussions are clever and provocative, if not conclusive, and there is a saving element of humour. The unsophisticated novel-reader will doubtless be most interested when personalities intrude into theory. It is an ingenious effort in modern dialogue on Platonic lines.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVER. From the FRENCH of GEORGES PONSOT. With COLOUR FRONTISPIECE by E. J. DETMOLD. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

From arguments on a canal barge about human marriage we turn to a picture of Nature's domestic arrangements beneath the surface of a river. While equally outside the usual pale of fiction, the book owes its charm to description rather than discussion. It is recommended to the reader as "the story of life in the river-bed told by the fish themselves to a writer of vivid imagination, remarkable knowledge, and delightful humour." M. Ponsot has essayed to do for the river Seulette and its finny inhabitants much the same as Mr. Kipling has done for the denizens of the jungle. He has produced a book that will appeal to all lovers of nature, and will especially form a pleasant means of interesting young readers in natural history, for it is free alike from scholastic dullness and unscientific fantasy. At the close we leave Kiss,

the eel, "stretched in the mud, pondering long on the problem of happiness." So fishes have their problems, too!

THE GREEN ALTAR. By MIRIAM ALEXANDER. (Melrose; 7s. 6d. net.)

At a time when none can tell whether the tragedy of Ireland has been finally played out, or whether "some great fifth act" is still to come, this story, dedicated "to the dear dead Ireland of our memories and the new Ireland of our hopes," has an especially poignant interest. For it is a story of intense and pitiful tragedy, in which a patriotic Irish girl offers the sacrifice of Sydney Carton for the sake of her country. "We have laid our hearts on thy high Green Altar: We are made all thine till the world's life cease." Those are the words of the poet that give the story its title. It opens on a Munster farm early in the 'nineties of the nineteenth century, and reaches a date following the signature of the Irish Treaty that brought the Free State into being. Much of it is concerned with the period of the "Black and Tans." Some of the most repellent characters in the tale, it may be noted, belong to a good-for-nothing Irish family, with whom in former days their neighbours would not associate. Everyone will echo the expression of hope with which the book concludes: "It could not be that God had sustained the soul of Ireland through all the ages only to let it perish at last in Irish blood shed by Irish hands!"

AN AMAZING ANCESTOR. By E. and G. F. SCOTSON-CLARK. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

The plot of this story, which, in spite of a fantastic theme, is so told as to appear plausible enough, concerns the purchase of a Van Dyck portrait by a member of the American colony in Paris. "The old New York families," says an introductory note, "are justly proud of their Dutch ancestry, but in this particular instance, Chauncey Van Leer, 'a quite ordinary, sane, well-behaved and human individual,' would most probably much rather have been a first-generation American." It follows that another alternative presented itself, and of what it was some clue is afforded by the final remark of one who left him alone with the girl of his choice (or rather, hers): "But you, Chauncey, you know, are not half as nice as he was," and there seemed to be a reminiscent look in her blue eyes and possibly a slight moisture on her eyelashes as she murmured, "But what an amazing ancestor!" So it appears that Chauncey got his wish, after all.

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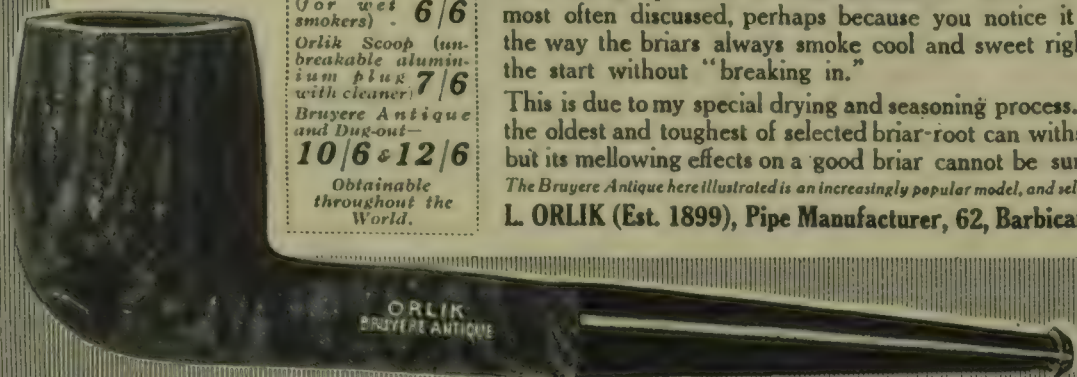
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MY NAME ON A PIPE IS ACCEPTED AS A GUARANTEE OF SOUND VALUE

When a man gets hold of a really good pipe he likes to tell his friends about it, and that is why Orlik pipes are mainly sold through personal recommendation. The Orlik quality most often discussed, perhaps because you notice it first, is the way the briars always smoke cool and sweet right from the start without "breaking in."

This is due to my special drying and seasoning process. Only the oldest and toughest of selected briar-root can withstand it, but its mellowing effects on a good briar cannot be surpassed.

The Bruyere Antique here illustrated is an increasingly popular model, and sells for 12/6
L. ORLIK (Est. 1899), Pipe Manufacturer, 62, Barbican, E.C.1





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The daily use of Olva, the palm and olive oil soap, made in England for *you*, ensures, whether at home or abroad, that rose complexion which is your heritage.

Compare Olva with any palm and olive oil soap, with *any* toilet soap; compare lather, fragrance, cleansing power, effect on the skin. You will find that Olva will cleanse, soothe and nourish the skin as no other soap can. You will want to use no other soap than Olva. You will become, like others, an Olva devotee.

Olva has definitely established the superiority of British soap-making. Its wonderful success is due to sheer merit. For toilet, bath or nursery, use Olva, the palm and olive oil soap made specially for *you*.

Ask for Olva—Get Olva

Olva

PALM AND OLIVE OIL

Soap

Large round tablets, each in carton, 6d
Handy family box of one dozen—6/-

Price's Soap Co. Ltd., London

BRITISH DECAPODS IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS.

(Continued from Page 436.)

legs are dug deep into the sand, and the crustacean is pulled down. As digging and scooping is continued the sand is piled up in front, and pushed away by the small chelate appendages. In this manner the crab descends deep into the sand until only the tip of the antennæ tube is visible. A channel is thus kept clear between the buried crab and the water.

Under normal conditions the water passes out of the space with which the antennæ tube communicates, but when the crustacean is buried the direction of the water current passing over the gills is reversed. It now is drawn down the tube and passes out through openings at the base of the chelipeds.

Port Erin waters abound in the interesting family of Swimming Crabs (*Portunidae*), popularly called "Fiddler Crabs," the name having been acquired because of the peculiar movements of the swimming legs. In this species (Figs. 5 and 6) the last pair of legs have been converted into large flattened paddles with which the crab can rapidly drive itself through the water. These legs are also used for digging when *Portunus* buries itself.

In general shape this crustacean resembles the Shore Crab, but the carapace is toothed in front. The structure of a swimming paddle and these teeth on the carapace are well shown in the second photograph of *Portunus puber* (Fig. 6). The legs and especially the great claws are beautifully marked with purple and blue; *Portunus puber* itself—the largest of this family—is covered by a dense coat of fine hair. In some species the carapace is marbled. When the Swimming Crab buries itself in the sand

the large claws of the chelipeds are folded close up to the edge of the carapace, which, as I have pointed out, is serrated with teeth like a saw. These, because of the position in which the chelipeds are held, act as strainers and prevent the entrance of debris.

Space does not permit of more than passing comment on the three photographs of two crabs which

The common Hermit Crab (*Pagurus bernhardus*), which usually occupies the empty shell of the Dog Whelk, is familiar to all, but the specimen dredged up, as shown in Fig. 7, is more unusual. Here the little crab is using a sponge as its temporary residence. When smaller, the crab crept into a cavity, and it will be seen that the sponge has become modified to accommodate the crustacean.



RECENTLY EVACUATED BY ITS BRITISH GARRISON: BELLEEK FORT, ON THE ULSTER BORDER, TAKEN OVER BY IRISH FREE STATE TROOPS; HERE SEEN SALUTING THE FREE STATE TRICOLOUR.

Belleek Fort, on the Ulster boundary at the head of Loch Erne, was recently evacuated by the British garrison, which had occupied it for two years, and was formally handed over to troops of the Irish Free State. In the photograph they are seen saluting the Free State flag hoisted on an improvised pole.—[Photograph by Topical.]

were dredged up from twenty fathoms outside the Calf of Man.

One was a small circular crab with the legs armed with spines and a strong pointed rostrum. It sat in a watching position, as shown in Fig. 9, but when disturbed it threw itself back, as shown in Fig. 10.

thority of Italy. Competitors are warned that by taking part in any event proscribed by the national authority concerned they render themselves liable to disqualification, not only in the country where the event takes place, but also in all countries affiliated to the International Motor Yachting Union.

All who are now taking their holidays should include a bottle of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne in their kit. Its uses are manifold. For headaches caused by the glare of the sun, a slight inhalation will speedily bring relief; or, if tired after a long and tedious journey, whether by rail or motor, a little of this "4711" sprinkled in water and dabbed on the face and neck will immediately restore freshness. Its very odour is refreshing and soothing. All those who wish to obtain that delightful cool feeling even during the hottest summer day will find "4711" Eau-de-Cologne the very ideal in attaining this desire.

The Marine Motoring Association of Great Britain has been officially informed by the Secretary of the International Motor Yachting Union that the "Circuito Motonautico" (motor-boat rally) fixed for Sept. 19 to 21 this year, in connection with an exhibition at Naples, has not been approved by the Federazione Italiana Motonautica, the national au-

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A food may contain everything a baby needs. But how to get baby to digest it is the problem.

An analysis of mother's milk and cow's milk would prove that both contain food substances which are very similar in character, only in cow's milk they are present in a very indigestible form.

The wonderful success of Mellin's Food is based on the fact that it makes cow's milk more like breast milk and lays a foundation of good health upon which strong men and women are developed.

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The Food that Feeds

Free Sample of Mellin's Food, and Booklet, sent on application. Please state baby's age and write Dept. D190, Mellin's Food, Ltd., London, S.E. 15.

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The mother of this beautiful child, Mrs. Jackson of Wembley, writes:

"Peggy is 14 months old and weighs 26 lbs. Her health is splendid and she is always very happy and contented. . . . We consider Mellin's Food has made her a bonny baby and always recommend it."



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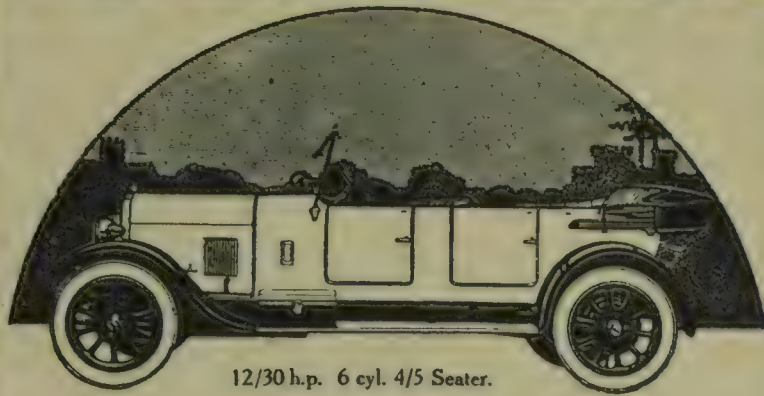


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12/30 h.p. 6 cyl. 4/5 Seater.

Talbot Six Cylinder Simplifies Driving

A recent purchaser writes :—

SINCE taking delivery of the 12-30 h.p. Talbot on Monday I have covered 200 miles. Although the engine is not yet run in, I can hardly speak highly enough of the car. Steering, springing, and brakes all seem perfect. It is impossible to find fault with the car, and the effortless running and feeling of solidity are great features. I consider the flexibility of the small six greatly simplifies driving, particularly in traffic.

H.G.B.



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16/50 H.P.	12/30 H.P.	10/23 H.P.	8/18 H.P.
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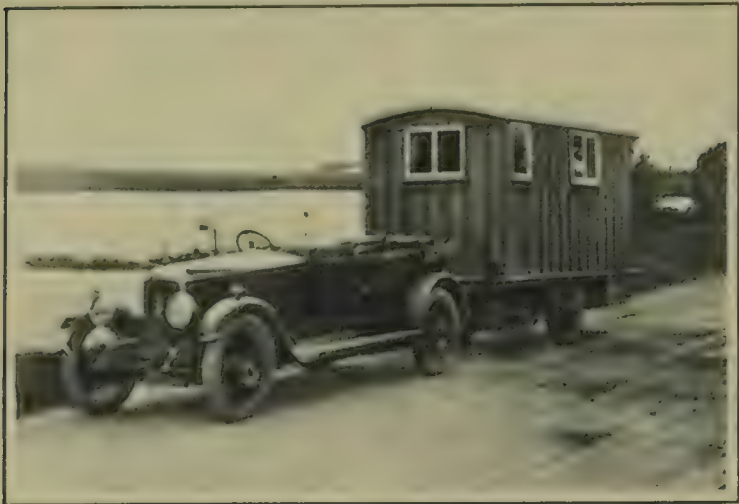
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Coachwork Developments. When, about a year ago, the Weyman type of coachwork was seriously introduced here I ventured the opinion that it looked like being the body type of the future, particularly so far as low and medium-priced closed cars were concerned. In the interval,



MOTOR-CARAVANNING IN IRELAND: A 23-60-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGTON CAR WITH A CARAVAN TRAILER, ON THE ROAD FROM CASTLEMARTYR TO CORK.

These vehicles belong to Mr. Horgan, of Firville, Macroom, Co. Cork. A specially designed coupling ensures that no weight from the trailer rests on the Vauxhall car.

I cannot say that it has made a great deal of progress in England. The British motorist is very conservative indeed, and is thus slow to adopt things which are as yet new and unproved. The British coachbuilder is even more conservative, and simply will not go out on a new line until public demand forces his hand. In France things are different, and the fabric-covered body is coming rapidly into favour, as I still think it will do here. It has so many obvious advantages over the conventional method of coachwork construction that it is difficult to see how it can help coming into fashion. It is light—little more than half the weight of the old-fashioned body with metal panels and rigid, heavy pillars. It does away with the expensive coach-painting, with its long processes and the infinite time

taken in drying and hardening. It cannot develop rattles and squeaks, and it does not "drum." In case of damage it is perfectly easy to replace a fabric panel—it can be done in a day against the weeks taken to beat, fit, and paint a metal panel. Last but by no means least, it ought to be very much cheaper in comparison. I say "ought to be" advisedly, because I find that coachbuilders here want almost as much to build a Weyman body as they do for the more conventional type. If some enterprising firm were to lay themselves out for the business, they would make a lot of money out of it, providing their charges were based on a commercial profit, and then we should see the type popularised very rapidly. It has got to come, but it is hopeless to expect it while coach-builders want something like £200 for a type of body which ought not to cost much more than half that sum.

Low-Pressure Tyres.

The Dunlop Tyre Company tell me that, after considerable experiment, they have definitely decided to adopt the wired-on type of cover for low-pressure tyres. I agree entirely with the reasons they give, which is that

it is advisable to standardise a tyre which does not depend upon the inflation pressure for retention on the rim. In the case of big tyres on comparatively small wheels it is ten to one that, in case of sudden deflation, the beaded-edge type will leave the rim. Where the wired-on tyre is in question, it is a hundred to one it will stay on. Obviously, this reduces the tendency to accident when, as must occasionally happen, a tyre deflates with no warning. I do not mind particularly a tyre going flat when travelling fairly fast—I don't want it to happen, of course—so long as it remains on the wheel; but it

can be quite a terrifying experience when it not only deflates without warning, but goes off on a detached expedition on its own. In the one case, the wheel diameter, while it is reduced by deflation, is not so very serious. One sometimes does have a momentary fight with the car if it is a front wheel which is in question, but control ought not to be lost. In the other case, however, the sudden serious reduction of wheel diameter may easily put the car beyond control and result in a serious accident. If this is true when high-pressure tyres are in use, it is doubly true of the "balloon" type, and on this account, if on no other, I think Dunlops are perfectly right in adopting the wired-on cover as a standard.

A Petrol War? All sorts of rumours are current to the effect that we are on the verge of another petrol war. For a very long time now quantities of what the combines call "pirate" spirit have been on sale at garages and pump stations at prices considerably below those fixed by the big concerns.

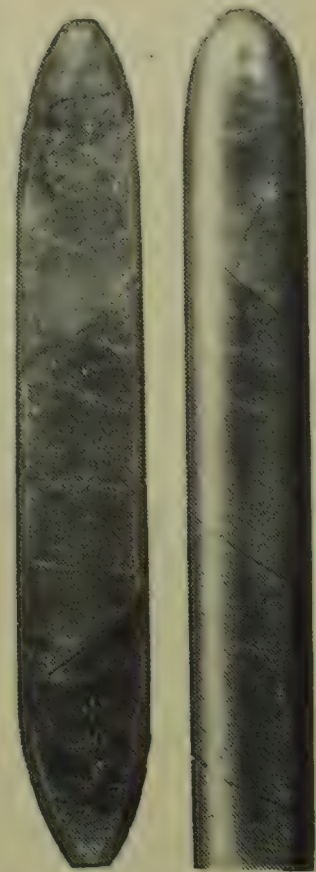


A ROADSIDE HALT DURING A FAST TOUR THROUGH FRANCE: A 12-32-H.P. DARRACQ WITH WEYMAN LIMOUSINE SALOON BODY.

The difference is sometimes as much as fourpence, or even fivepence, per gallon. So long as this spirit was available in comparatively small quantities only, the combines had very little to say about it, but I hear now that the traffic in this cheaper spirit threatens to

(Continued overleaf.)

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In flavour, aroma, appearance and smoking qualities, they represent a very high standard in cigars—a standard by which other cigars can be judged.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

*The
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20 h.p
Six*

A NEW MEMBER *of the* BUICK FAMILY



A NEW member of the Buick family compels respect because of the Buick traditions which it inherits.

The NEW 20 h.p. 6-CYLINDER BUICK is in everything save size an exact replica of its big brother, the 27 h.p. model, but with such modifications as regards power, weight, and price as to make it attractive to those who have hitherto had to limit themselves to a Four-Cylinder Car.

In now building "Sixes" exclusively, Buick is demonstrating its faith in the much greater smoothness, better acceleration, and all round increased satisfaction given by the six-cylinder engine.

All models fitted with LOW PRESSURE TYRES and FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES.

And look at the Price!

Chassis	£295
2-seater with dickey	£395
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5-seater Saloon	£525

The above prices and free delivery apply in Great Britain and Ulster only.

Prices of the new 27 h.p. models are the same as the present 27 h.p. models.

Write for the name of your local Buick Dealer, who will gladly give you full particulars and a demonstration.



GENERAL MOTORS LTD.
THE HYDE, HENDON, N.W. 9.

Continued.]

assume such dimensions that the big fellows are getting a little concerned. So we hear that the latter intend to declare war and to follow a policy of price reduction that will ultimately have the effect of driving the smaller fry off the market. Of course, the combines are not saying anything about their intentions. They never do. The first the public knows about it is when it is told that the price of petrol is so much per gallon more or less than it was last night. I don't know how much truth there may be in the rumour, but I imagine that it cannot be long before the competition of cheap petrol will compel the big concerns to take some action. I certainly think there is ground for the belief that there will be a reduction in price before long. Indeed, a reduction is overdue, when the prices ruling in America are taken into consideration. But then, we know that the price of a commodity is what it will fetch.

Sparkling-Plugs. People tell me that sparking-plugs do not last as well as they used to do in the days of long ago. The answer is that they do—if they are looked after. For example, I used one set of Lodge plugs for considerably more than 7000 miles, in a high-compression, fast-running engine, and three of them are still quite fit for use, though I replaced the whole set when one gave out. I now have a mixed set in which Lodge, K.L.G., Sphinx, and Champion are represented, and I am trying them out against each other. They have done about 3000 miles so far without any signs of trouble—but I look after them, and they receive a periodical cleaning. I use an Apex cleaner, which is an aluminium tube containing a bunch of stiff steel wires. The tube is filled with

petrol, the plug screwed in, and then all one has to do is to give it a good shaking. The wires penetrate to every accessible part of the plug, and remove every trace of soot and carbon. After being cleaned, the points are adjusted if necessary, and the plug is then good for another thousand miles—and I never suffer from misfiring. Plugs are better than ever they were, but the present-day engine gives them such a lot to do that they require more attention than in the days of the slow-running engine with moderate compression ratios.

Speedometer Accuracy.

Is there a speedometer which is really accurate over the whole range of car speeds? I begin to doubt it very much. At one time and another I have used practically every type there is, and I have yet to find one that is really dependable when one gets into speeds of over 35 miles an hour. I am using one now that is perfectly good against the watch up to about 28-30 m.p.h., but over that is as much as 15 per cent. slow. I wonder if it is really possible to make a speedometer which is accurate to start and will remain so for a period of years? It would be interesting to know if there is any manufacturer of these instruments who is prepared to claim this for his own speedometer.

A New 11-h.p. Standard Saloon.

The Standard Motor Company, Ltd., have experienced such a consistently increasing demand for both their 11- and 14-h.p. models, that it has been decided to continue their manufacture for

1925. Specimens of both types will be exhibited on Stand No. 211 in the Main Hall at Olympia. The exhibit will include, in addition to the 11 and 14-h.p. touring cars, a sample of the extremely popular 14-h.p. "Pall Mall" saloon, and a saloon—to be known as the "Piccadilly"—which will be fitted on the 11-h.p. chassis. The price of this has not been determined. The prices operating from Sept. 1, 1924, for other models are: 11-h.p. two- or four-seater, £235; 14-h.p. two- or four-seater (ordinary), £350; 14-h.p. two- or four-seater (special), £395; and 14-h.p. "Pall Mall" saloon, £475.

Super-Charging.

I am more than ever convinced that some method of super-charging will before long become standard practice on the touring car. A year ago the Fiats were the only cars running in the Grand Prix which were super-charged. This year I believe all but one racer were equipped with some means of forced induction. If it be true, as I think it is, that the racing practice of to-day becomes the standard of to-morrow, then there can be very little doubt about it. Unless, indeed, there is a reversion to much bigger engines than are the vogue at present; and that, as taxation is levied now, does not seem too probable.

The Prince and the Motor Trade.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of the President, Sir Harold Bowden, and the Committee of the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund to be present at the annual banquet of the Fund, to be held at the Connaught Rooms on Nov. 18.

W. W.

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS MOUNTAIN MAGIC

Have you seen the Chamois frolic on the rocks and glaciers of the Wetterhorn through the telescopes of the Bear Hotel, or felt that exhilaration engendered by the tonic crystal freshness of a September morn at Grindelwald, or have you on a fine summer's evening seen the *pièce de résistance* of the evening meal deserted by the guests as if in panic to catch the "Alpine Glow," which bathes the snow-covered peaks only for such moments as may never fade from memory? Take GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS to the LAKES and MOUNTAINS of SWITZERLAND and ITALY, or AUTUMN CRUISES to the MEDITERRANEAN.

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Letter from Mr. D. Sullivan

(Glamorgan County Wicket-keeper).

Dear Sirs,

You will be interested to know that Cassell's Tablets have been of great value to me in overcoming weariness and exhaustion. They keep me splendidly fit. I have been taking them at intervals for the last year or two, and particularly before I play in my capacity as wicket-keeper in important matches.

I have been benefited so much that I thought it my duty to write you this letter.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) D. SULLIVAN.

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Indigestion Anemia Sleeplessness Palpitation Wasting

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TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

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There is nothing better than Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required, to keep the pores active, the skin clear and free from eruptions, and the scalp in a healthy hair-growing condition.

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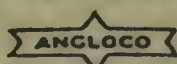
TO carry Pratts in bulk from the Ocean Installations to every part of the Kingdom is the next task.

Here we see a vast loading and shunting yard at one of the Anglo-American Oil Co.'s works. The refined spirit is transferred by pipe lines from the great tanks into railway tank-wagons, and transported to distributing centres which are located in all important Towns in the United Kingdom.

This series of announcements is to convey some idea of the comprehensive distributive organisation of the Anglo-American Oil Co., responsible for the maintenance of the supply of Pratts Spirit to thousands of garages and a million motorists. Watch for the next of the series.

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*Uniform everywhere
Reliable always*

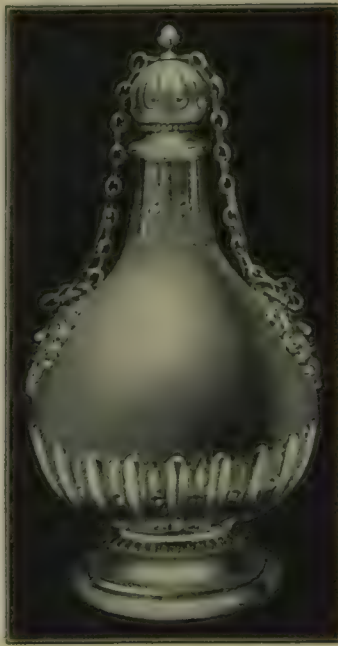


D.A. 387.

GOLF AT GLENEAGLES.

THE announcement that George Duncan, the famous golfer and ex-Open Champion, and Macdonald Smith, the well-known American professional, who is at present on holiday in this country, and is a native of Carnoustie, were to meet in an international match at Gleneagles on Sept. 1 and 2, was particularly gratifying to golfers north of the Tweed, especially in view of the fact that both players are of Scottish nationality. Whether a side stake should be put up by the players themselves became immaterial, as a suitable monetary reward was offered by the proprietors of "White Horse" whisky. This match, therefore, took the place of that which it was said Macdonald Smith was asking for. If the idea was ever in his mind that he could meet and beat a British professional on British soil, he got his chance. George Duncan was a popular selection, and there are few players who could equal his brilliance. Playing in the final of the Thousand Guineas Tournament at Gleneagles in June last, Duncan returned a card with an approximate score of 66. Because it was match play and not medal play, it could not be counted as a new record. Any man with a score like that must have felt confidence in meeting any opposition on the same course again. White Horse Distillers, Ltd., offered a purse of one hundred guineas to the winner, in addition to a very fine trophy, which took the form of a Pilgrim's Flask of considerable historical interest. An illustration of it appears on this page. On the first day of the

72-hole match (Sept. 1), Macdonald Smith was three holes up at the end of the first half of the event. Duncan was one up on the first round, after having been three up at the twelfth hole; but in the afternoon Macdonald Smith squared the match at the first hole, and then won the second, third, and fourth holes. Going to the last hole, he was four up, but Duncan recovered a hole with a magnificent three. In the second round Macdonald Smith's score was 69, and Duncan's 73. The situation at the



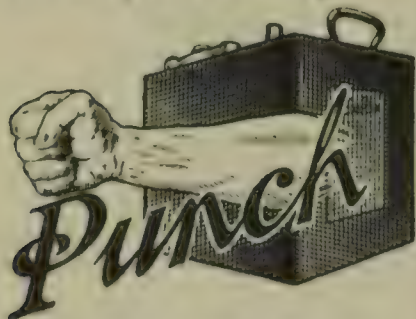
PRESENTED BY WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS, LTD., AS A TROPHY FOR THE WINNER OF THE DUNCAN-MACDONALD SMITH GOLF MATCH: A PILGRIM'S FLASK.

beginning of the second day's play was very interesting.

All who are interested in the Roman antiquities of this country—and that interest is not confined nowadays to classical scholars—should possess the excellent "Map of Roman Britain" published by the Ordnance Survey, Southampton (price 4s.). It is printed in colours on a large folding sheet on a scale of 16 miles to the inch, with a tasteful cover of appropriate design. The four centuries of the Roman occupation (B.C. 55 to A.D. 407) have in the past been far too much neglected in the teaching of our national history. Even Tennyson omitted to refer to it when he summarised our racial composition—"For Saxon or Dane or Norman we, Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be." To-day there is a welcome revival in the study of the Roman period, as evidenced by various excavations, and this admirable map will help both the expert and the general reader. The latter may be surprised to learn how complete was the network of Roman forts, colonies, and roads all over England and Wales, and still more to realise that there was a Roman wall in Scotland (linking Firth and Clyde) as well as the more famous one of Hadrian from Solway to Tyne. The map is preceded by a short preface and an index of names. The mere list of authorities consulted, and the outline of Romano-British chronology, suffice to open up a wide field of inquiry, and awaken a desire to know more about the Cæsars who fought on our soil, and the men who ruled Britain in their name.

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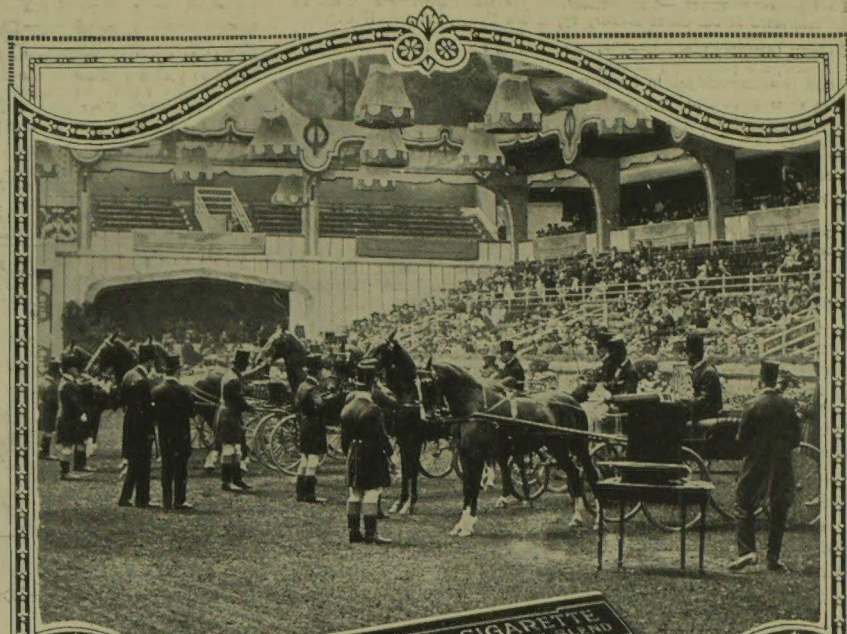
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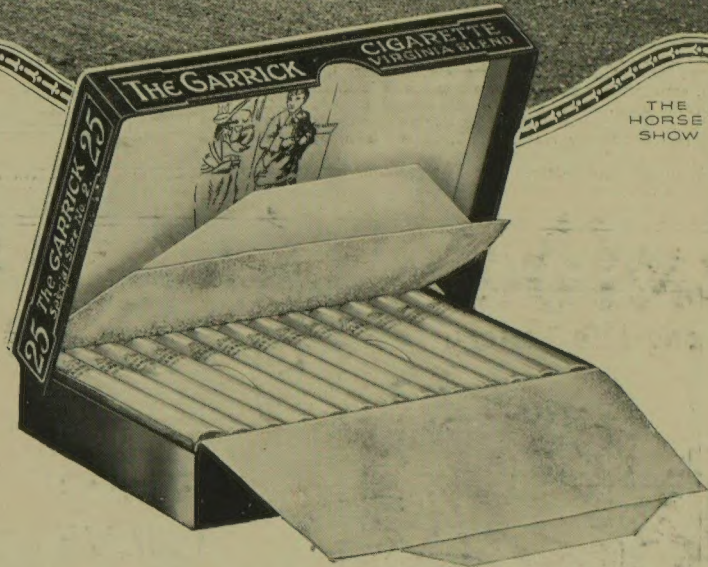
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

C OKEY (Auckland, N.Z.).—Your estimate of the game, Capablanca v. Lasker, is a perfectly just one. Solution of No. 3930 is quite correct, and is acknowledged in its proper place.

H E McFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo.).—Thanks for your very kind and complimentary letter. As regards No. 3935, a good many solvers formed an exactly opposite conclusion to yours, and thought it was the Rook should be moved; but they, of course, paid the penalty of their inaccuracy.

FOVOAS DE MAGATHAES (Oporto, Portugal).—As there is no such move on the board as B to K 8th in Problem No. 3937, we presume you meant B to K 6th, which is the author's solution, and we give you credit accordingly.

H BURGESS (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—Your post-card dated Jan. 15, with correct solution of No. 3923 has just come to hand. You will find the answer acknowledged in the usual place.

E BOSWELL (Lancaster).—Thanks for further contribution, which we hope to find as interesting as the last.

L W CAFFERATA (Farndon).—We must crave your indulgence for a little while, after which we shall be able to give proper attention to your kind communications. Meanwhile, many thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3923 received from H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea); of No. 3930 from C Okey (Auckland, N.Z.); of No. 3932 from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3933 from Dr. Antonio Rovere (Trieste); of No. 3935 from H E McFarland (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 3936 from M Beach (Milton Bridge); and of No. 3937 from F J Fulwell (Caterham), J Fowler (Arundel), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Povoas de Magathaes (Oporto), M Beach (Milton Bridge), and H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

SOLUTIONS OF No. 3938, together with some solutions of preceding problems, will be acknowledged in our next article.

The annual meeting of the City of London Chess Club unanimously re-elected Mr. C. D. Morton as president, and Mr. J. Walter Russell as hon. secretary—two appointments which it is inconceivable could be improved upon. The vice-presidents elected at the same time were the Hon. F. G. Hamilton Russell, Sir George Thomas, Bt., Mr. Herbert Jacobs, and Mr. Henry Ward, L.C.C., all of whom, by their services to the game and their devotion to its interests, have qualified themselves in an exceptional degree for such honours as the premier club of the Empire can bestow upon its members.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3937 (NOT No. 3936, AS PRINTED).

WHITE

1. B to K 6th
2. Mates accordingly.

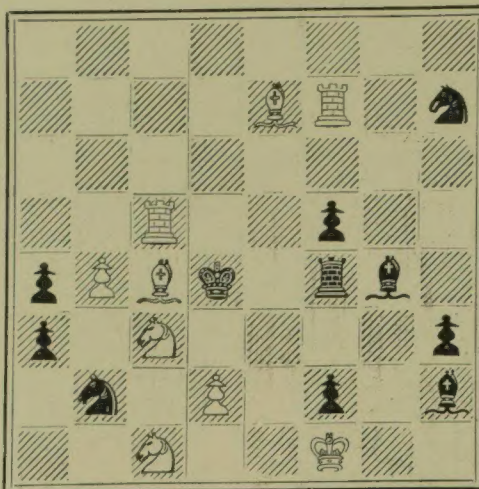
BLACK

Anything.

Unfortunately, as several correspondents have pointed out, B takes B also yields a solution, the defence of Q takes B leaving mate open by 2. Q to B 6th. This defect can be quite simply remedied by transferring White's King from Q R 8th to Q Kt 8th; but meanwhile it is a matter of regret that a pretty problem has been so adversely affected.

PROBLEM No. 3939.—BY REV. NOEL BONAVIA-HUNT, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Sir GEORGE THOMAS and Mr. P. W. SERGEANT.

(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (Sir G. T.) BLACK (Mr. S.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to K 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. Q to K 2nd

This continuation has not received much favour in first-class practice. Seeing White is to play P to Q 3rd presently, he might as well save a move by doing so at once.

5. P to Q 3rd
6. Castles B to Q 2nd
7. P to B 3rd B to K 2nd
8. P to Q 3rd Castles
9. P to K R 3rd P to Q Kt 4th
10. B to B 2nd P to Kt 5th

The command of the field seems already passing into Black's hands, but White is maintaining a very cool and sound defence.

11. B to K 3rd Q to Kt sq
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to Q R 4th
13. Kt to B 4th R to K sq
14. P to Q 4th Kt P takes P
15. P takes B P P takes P
16. K Kt takes P Kt to K 4th
17. Q R to Kt sq Q to B sq
18. P to B 4th Kt takes Kt

WHITE (Sir G. T.) BLACK (Mr. S.)

19. Q takes Kt B takes P
20. P takes B Q takes P
21. R to B 3rd Q to Kt 5th (ch)
22. K to B 2nd Kt takes P (ch)
23. B takes Kt B to R 5th (ch)
24. K to K 2nd R takes B
25. Q to B 6th

This sacrifice commences a very clever combination which, but for one resource of White not easily foreseen, would have been brilliantly successful.

20. P takes B Q takes P
21. R to B 3rd Q to Kt 5th (ch)
22. K to B 2nd Kt takes P (ch)
23. B takes Kt B to R 5th (ch)
24. K to K 2nd R takes B
25. Q to B 6th

The saving clause.

25. K R to K sq

Had Black now been able to play Q R to K sq, he would in all probability have won. He is prevented from doing so by 26. Q takes K R, when mate follows if the Q is taken.

26. K to Q 3rd B to B 3rd
27. R to Kt sq Q to R 4th
28. K R to Kt 3rd P to Q 4th

An oversight, of course, but with a piece down he could hardly hope to save the game in any case.

29. Q takes B Resigns.

The Imperial Chess Club held its annual meeting on July 14, when the general prosperity of affairs was the theme of congratulation at a large gathering of members. Mrs. Arthur Rawson received due acknowledgment of the Club's indebtedness to her unwavering loyalty by its enthusiastic re-election of her as president, while ample recognition was also given to the organising skill and energy of Mrs. R. H. Stevenson, the match captain, by which the Club's success has been largely obtained. It was announced that the president's scheme for a chess display in aid of the funds of the British Women's Patriotic League was in course of arrangement to be held at Hyde Park Hotel on Oct. 25 next. The new premises at 62, Brook Street have proved to be both comfortable and commodious, and it is hoped will attract a still wider circle of supporters.

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